

M. William Shak-speare:

*HIS*

True Chronicle Historie of the life and  
death of King L E A R and his three  
Daughters.

*With the vnfortunate life of Edgar, sonne  
and heire to the Earle of Gloster, and his  
fullen and assumed humor of  
T O M of Bedlam :*

*As it was played before the Kings Maiestie at Whitehall upon  
S. Stephans night in Christmas Hollidayes.*

By his Maiesties seruants playing vsually at the Gloabe  
on the Bancke-side.

*George Steevens.*



*Edw: Parnes*

*There is another  
copy of this Play,  
printed for Nathani-  
Butter - 4<sup>to</sup> 1608. - 17<sup>th</sup> 114*

L O N D O N,

Printed for Nathaniel Butter, and are to be sold at his shop in *Pauls*  
Church-yard at the signe of the Pide Bull neere  
S. Austins Gate. 1608.







# M. William Shak-speare

## *HIS* Historie, of King Lear.

*Enter Kent, Gloster, and Bastard.*

*Kent.*



Thought the King had more affected the Duke of Albany then *Cornwell*.

*Gloster.* It did all waies seeme so to vs, but now in the diuision of the kingdomes, it appeares not which of the Dukes he values most, for equalities are so weighed, that curiositie in neither, can make choise of eithers moytie.

*Kent.* Is not this your sonne my Lord?

*Gloster.* His breeding sir hath beene at my charge, I haue so often blusht to acknowledge him, that now I am braz'd to it.

*Kent.* I cannot conceiue you.

*Gloster.* Sir, this young fellowes mother Could, wherupon shee grew round wombed, and had indeed Sir a sonne for her cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed, doe you smell a fault?

*Kent.* I cannot wish the fault yndone, the issue of it being so proper.

*Gloster.* But I haue sir a sonne by order of Law, some yeare elder then this, who yet is no deerer in my account, though this I haue came something sawcely into the world before hee was sent for, yet was his mother faire, there was good sport at his making & the whoreson must be acknowledged, do you know this noble gentleman *Edmund*?



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*Bast.* No my Lord.

*Gloft.* My Lord of Kent, remember him hereafter as my honorable friend..]

*Bast.* My seruices to your Lordship.

*Kent.* I must loue you, and sue to know you better.

*Bast.* Sir I shall study deseruing.

*Gloft.* Hee hath beene our nine yeares, and away hee shall againe, the King is comming.

*Sound a Sennet, Enter one bearing a Coronet, then Lear, then the Dukes of Albany, and Cornwell, next Gonorill, Regan, Cordelia, with followers.*

*Lear.* Attend my Lords of France and Burgundy, *Gloster.*

*Gloft.* I shall my Leige.

*Lear.* Meane time we will expresse our darker purposes,  
The map there; know we haue diuided  
In three, our kingdome; and tis our first intent,  
To shake all cares and busines of our state,  
Confirming them on yonger yeares,  
The two great Princes *France* and *Burgundy*,  
Great ryuals in our youngest daughters loue,  
Long in our Court haue made their amorous soiourne,  
And here are to be answerd, tell me my daughters,  
Which of you shall we say doth loue vs most,  
That we our largest bountie may extend,  
Where merit doth most challenge it,  
*Gonorill* our eldest borne, speake first?

*Gon.* Sir I do loue you more then words can weild the  
Dearer then eye-sight, space or libertie, (matter,  
Beyond what can be valued rich or rare,  
No lesse then life; with grace, health, beautie, honour,  
As much a child ere loued, or father friend,  
A loue that makes breath poore, and speech vnable,  
Beyond all manner of so much I loue you.

*Cor.* What shall *Cordelia* doe, loue and be silent.

*Lear.* Of al these bound's, euen from this line to this,  
With shady forrests, and wide skirted meades,  
We make thee Lady, to thine and *Albaines* issue,  
Be this perpetuall, what saies our second daughter?



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Our deereſt *Regan*, wife to *Cornwall*, ſpeake?

*Reg.* Sir I am made of the ſelfe ſame mettall that my ſiſter is,  
And prize me at her worth in my true heart,  
I find ſhe names my very deed of loue, onely ſhe came ſhort,  
That I profeſſe my ſelfe an enemy to all other ioyes,  
Which the moſt precious ſquare of ſence poſſeſſes,  
And find I am alone felicitate, in your deere highneſſe loue.

*Cord.* Then poore *Cord.* & yet not ſo, ſince I am ſure  
My loues more richer then my tongue.

*Lear.* To thee and thine hereditarie euer  
Remaine this ample third of our faire kingdome,  
No leſſe in ſpace, validity, and pleaſure,  
Then that confirm'd on *Gonerill*, but now our ioy,  
Although the laſt, not leaſt in our deere loue,  
What can you ſay to win a third, more opulent  
Then your ſiſters.

*Cord.* Nothing my Lord. (again.

*Lear.* How, nothing can come of nothing, ſpeake

*Cord.* Vnhappie that I am, I cannot heaue my heart into my  
mouth, I loue your Maieſtie according to my bond, nor more nor  
leſſe.

*Lear.* Goe to, goe to, mend your ſpeech a little,  
Leaſt it may mar your fortunes.

*Cord.* Good my Lord,  
You haue begot me, bred me, loued me,  
I returne thoſe duties backe as are right fit,  
Obey you, loue you, and moſt honour you,  
Why haue my ſiſters huſbands if they ſay they loue you all,  
Happely when I ſhall wed, that Lord whoſe hand  
Muſt take my plight, ſhall cary halfe my loue with him,  
Halfe my care and duty, ſure I ſhall neuer  
Mary like my ſiſters, to loue my father all.

*Lear.* But goes this with thy heart?

*Cord.* I good my Lord.

*Lear.* So yong and ſo vtender.

*Cord.* So yong my Lord and true.

*Lear.* Well let it be ſo, thy truth then be thy dower,  
For by the ſacred radiance of the Sunne,



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The mistresse of *Heccat*, and the might,  
By all the operation of the orbs,  
From whence we doe exist and cease to be  
Heere I disclaime all my paternall care,  
Propinquitie and property of blood,  
And as a stranger to my heart and me  
Hould thee from this for euer, the barbarous *Scythian*,  
Or he that makes his generation  
Meles to gorge his appetite  
Shall bee as well neighbour'd, pittied and relieued  
As thou my sometime daughter.

*Kent.* Good my Liege.

(his wrath,

*Lear.* Peace *Kent*, come not between the Dragon &  
I lou'd her most, and thought to set my rest  
On her kind nurcery, hence and auoide my sight?  
So be my graue my peace as here I giue,  
Her fathers heart from her, call *France*, who stirres?  
Call *Burgundy*, *Cornwell*, and *Albany*,  
With my two daughters dower digest this third,  
Let pride, which she calls plainnes, marrie her:  
I doe inuest you iointly in my powre,  
Preheminence, and all the large effects  
That troope with Maiestie, our selfe by monthly course  
With reservation of an hundred knights,  
By you to be sustayn'd, shall our abode  
Make with you by due turnes, onely we still retaine  
The name and all the additions to a King,  
The sway, reuenue, execution of the rest,  
Beloued sonnes be yours, which to confirme,  
This Coronet part betwixt you.

*Kent.* Royall *Lear*,

Whom I haue euer honor'd as my King,  
Loued as my Father, as my maister followed,  
As my great patron thought on in my prayers.

*Lear.* The bow is bet & drawen make from the shafts

*Kent.* Let it fall rather,

Though the forke inuade the region of my heart,  
Be *Kent* vnmannarly when *Lear* is man,

What



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What wilt thou doe ould man, think'st thou that dutie  
Shall haue dread to speake, when power to flatterie bowes,  
To plainnes honours bound when Maiesty stoops to folly,  
Reuerse thy doome, and in thy best consideration  
Checke this hideous rashnes, answere my life  
My iudgement, thy yongest daughter does not loue thee least,  
Nor are those empty harted whose low, sound  
Reuerbs no hollownes.

*Lear.* Kent on thy life no more.

*Kent.* My life I neuer held but as a pawne  
To wage against thy enemies, nor feare to lose it  
Thy safety being the motiue.

*Lear.* Out of my sight.

*Kent.* See better *Lear* and let me still remaine,  
The true blanke of thine eye.

*Lear.* Now by *Appollo*,

*Kent.* Now by *Appollo* King thou swearest thy Gods

*Lear.* Vassall, recreant,

(in vaine.

*Kent.* Doe, kill thy Phyficion,  
And the fee bestow vpon the foule disease,  
Reuoke thy doome, or whilst I can vent clamour  
From my throat, ile tell thee thou dost euill.

*Lear.* Heare me, on thy allegeance heare me?  
Since thou hast sought to make vs breake our vow,  
Which we durst neuer yet; and with straied pride,  
To come betweene our sentence and our powre,  
Which nor our nature nor our place can beare,  
Our potency made good, take thy reward,  
Foure dayes we doe allot thee for prouision,  
To shield thee from diseases of the world,  
And on the fist to turne thy hated backe  
Vpon our kingdome, if on the tenth day following,  
Thy banisht truncke be found in our dominions,  
The moment is thy death, away, by *Iupiter*  
This shall not be reuokt. (appeare,

*Kent.* Why fare thee well king, since thus thou wilt  
Friendship liues hence, and banishment is here,  
The Gods to their protection take the maide,



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That rightly thinks, and hast most iustly said,  
And your large speeches may your deedes approue,  
That good effects may spring from wordes of loue:  
Thus *Kent*: O Princes, bids you all adew,  
Heele shape his old course in a countrie new.

*Enter France and Burgundie with Gloster.*

*Glost.* Heers *France* and *Burgundie* my noble Lord.

*Lear.* My L. of *Burgundie*, we first addres towards you,  
Who with a King hath riuald for our daughter,  
What in the least will you require in present  
Dower with her, or cease your quest of loue?

*Burg.* Royall maiesty, I craue no more then what  
Your highnes offered, nor will you tender lesse? (vs

*Lear.* Right noble *Burgundie*, when she was deere to  
We did hold her so, but now her prise is fallen,  
Sir there she stands, if ought within that little  
Seeming substāce, or al of it with our displeasure peec't,  
And nothing else may fitly like your grace,  
Shees there, and she is yours.

*Burg.* I know no answer.

*Lear.* Sir will you with those infirmities she owes,  
Vnfriended, new adopted to our hate,  
Couered with our curse, and stranger'd with our oth,  
Take her or leaue her.

*Burg.* Pardon me royall sir, election makes not vp  
On such conditions. (me

*Lear.* Then leaue her sir, for by the powre that made  
I tell you all her wealth, for you great King,  
I would not from your loue make such a stray,  
To match you where I hate, therefore beseech you,  
To auert your liking a more worthier way,  
Then on a wretch whome nature is ashamed  
Almost to acknowledge hers.

*Fra.* This is most strange, that she, that euen but now  
Was your best obiect, the argument of your praise,  
Balme of your age, most best, most deere, most  
Should in this trice of time commit a thing,  
So monstrous to dismantell so many foulds of fauour,

Sure



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Sure her offence must be of such vnnaturall degree,  
That monsters it, or you for voucht affections  
Falne into taint, which to beleecue of her  
Must be a faith that reason without miracle  
Could neuer plant in me.

*Cord.* I yet beseech your Maiestie,  
if for I want that glib and oyly Art,  
To speake and purpose not, since what I well entend  
Ile do't before I speake, that you may know  
It is no vicious blot, murder or foulnes,  
No vncleane action or dishonord step  
That hath depriu'd me of your grace and fauour,  
But euen for want of that, for which I am rich,  
A still soliciting eye, and such a tongue,  
As I am glad I haue not, though not to haue it,  
Hath lost me in your liking.

*Lear.* Goe to, goe to, better thou hadst not bin borne,  
Then not to haue pleas'd me better.

*Fran.* Is it no more but this, a tardines in nature,  
That often leaues the historie vnspoke that it intends to  
My Lord of *Burgundie*, what say you to the Lady? (do,  
Loue is not loue when it is mingled with respects that  
Aloofe from the intire point wil you haue her? (stands  
She is her selfe and dowre.

*Burg.* Royall *Lear*, giue but that portion  
Which your selfe proposd, and here I take *Cordelia*  
By the hand, Dutches of *Burgundie*,

*Lear.* Nothing, I haue sworne.

*Burg.* I am sory then you haue so lost a father,  
That you must loose a husband.

*Cord.* Peace be with *Burgundie*, since that respects  
Of fortune are his loue, I shall not be his wife.

*Fran.* Fairest *Cordelia* that art most rich being poore,  
Most choise forsaken, and most loued despisd,  
Thee and thy vertues here I ceaze vpon,  
Be it lawfull I take vp whats cast away,  
Gods, Gods! tis sträge, that from their couldst neglect,  
My loue should kindle to inflam'd respect,

Thy



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Thy dowreles daughter King throwne to thy chance,  
Is Queene of vs, of ours, and our faire *France* :  
Not all the Dukes in watrish *Burgundie*,  
Shall buy this vnpriz'd precious maide of me,  
Bid them farewell *Cordelia*, though vnkind  
Thou loofest here, a better where to find.

*Lear*. Thou hast her *France*, let her be thine,  
For we haue no such daughter, nor shall euer see  
That face of hers againe, therefore be gone, (*Burgundy*.  
Without our grace, our loue, our benizon? come noble  
*Exit Lear and Burgundie.*

*Fran*. Bid farewell to your sisters?

*Cord*. The iewels of our father, (you are,  
With washt eyes *Cordelia* leaues you, I know you what  
And like a sister am most loath to call your faults  
As they are named, vse well our Father,  
To your professed bosoms I commit him,  
But yet alas stood I within his grace,  
I would preferre him to a better place :  
So farewell to you both?

*Gonorill*. Prescribe not vs our duties?

*Regan*. Let your study be to content your Lord,  
Who hath receaued you as Fortunes almes,  
You haue obedience stanted,  
And well are worth the worth that you haue wanted.

*Cord*. Time shal vnfold what pleated cūning hides,  
Who couers faults, at last shame them derides :  
Well may you prosper.

*Fran*. Come faire *Cordelia*? *Exit France & Cord.*

*Gonor*. Sister, it is not a little I haue to say,  
Of what most neerely appertaines to vs both,  
I thinke our father will hence to night.

*Reg*. Thats most certaine, and with you, next moneth with vs.

*Gon*. You see how full of changes his age is the obseruation we  
haue made of it hath not bin little; hee alwaies loued our sister  
most, and with what poore iudgement hee hath now cast her  
off, appears too grosse.

*Reg*. Tis the infirmitie of his age, yet hee hath euer but slenderly.



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derly knowne himselfe.

*Gono.* The best and soundest of his time hath bin but rash, then must we looke to receiue from his age not alone the imperfection of long ingrafted condition, but therewithal vnruely waywardnes, that infirme and cholericke yeares bring with them.

*Rag.* Such vnconstant starts are we like to haue from him, as this of *Kent*s banishment.

*Gono.* There is further complement of leaue taking betweene *France* and him, pray lets hit together, if our Father cary authority with such dispositions as he beares, this last surrender of his, will but offend vs.

*Ragan.* We shall further thinke on't.

*Gon.* We must doe something, and it'h heate.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Bastard Solus.*

*Bast.* Thou Nature art my Goddesse, to thy law my seruices are bound, wherefore should I stand in the plague of custome, and permit the curiositie of nations to depriue me, for that I am some twelue or 14. mooneshines lag of a brother, why bastard? wherefore base, when my demeritions are as well compact, my mind as generous, and my shape as true as honest madams issue, why brand they vs with base, base bastardie? who in the lusty stealth of nature, take more composition and feirce quality, then doth within a stale dull lyed bed, goe to the creating of a whole tribe of fops got tweene a sleepe and wake; well the legitimate *Edgar*, I must haue your land, our Fathers loue is to the bastard *Edmund*, as to the legitimate, well my legitimate, if this letter speede, and my inuention thriue, *Edmund* the base shall tooth'legitimate: I grow, I prosper, now Gods stand vp for Bastards.

*Enter Gloster.*

*Glost.* *Kent* banisht thus, and *France* in choller parted, and the King gone to night, subscribd his power, confined to exhibition, all this donne vpon the gadde; *Edmund* how now what newes?

*Bast.* So please your Lordship, none.

*Glost.* Why so earnestly seeke you to put vp that letter?

*Bast.* I know no newes my Lord.

*Glost.* What paper were you reading?

*Bast.* Nothing my Lord,

C

*Glost.*



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*Gloſt.* No, what needes then that terrible diſpatch of it into your pocket, the qualitie of nothing hath not ſuch need to hide it ſelte, lets ſee, come if it bee nothing I ſhall not neede ſpectacles.

*Bas.* I beſeech you Sir pardon me, it is a letter from my brother, that I haue not all ore read, for ſo much as I haue peruſed, I find it not fit for your liking.

*Gloſt.* Giue me the letter ſir.

*Bas.* I ſhall offend either to detaine or giue it, the contents as in part I vnderſtand them, are too blame.

*Gloſt.* Lets ſee, lets ſee?

*Bas.* I hope for my brothers iuſtification, he wrot this but as an eſſay, or taſt of my vertue.

*A Letter.*

*Gloſt.* This policie of age makes the world bitter to the beſt of our times, keepes our fortunes from vs till our oldnes cannot reliſh them, I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppreſſion of aged tyrann<sup>y</sup>, who ſwaies not as it hath power, but as it is ſuffered, come to me, that of this I may ſpeake more, if our father would ſleepe till I wakt him, you ſhould inioy halfe his reuenew for euer, and liue the beloued of your brother *Edgar*.

Hum, conſpiracie, ſleepe till I wakt him, you ſhould enioy halfe his reuenew, my ſonne *Edgar*, had hee a hand to write this, a hart, and braine to breed it in, when came this to you, who brought it?

*Bas.* It was not brought me my Lord, ther's the cunning of it, I found it throwne in at the caſement of my cloſet.

*Gloſt.* You know the Character to be your brothers?

*Bas.* If the matter were good, my Lord I durſt ſweare it were his but in reſpect, of that I would faine thinke it were not,

*Gloſt.* It is his?

*Bas.* It is his hand my Lord, but I hope his heart is not in the contents.

*Gloſt.* Hath he neuer heretofore ſounded you in this buſines?

*Bas.* Neuer my Lord, but I haue often heard him maintaine it to be fit, that ſons at perfit age, & fathers declining, his father ſhould be as ward to the ſonne, and the ſonne mannage the reuenew.

*Gloſt.*



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*Gloſt.* O villaine, villaine, his very opinion in the letter, abhorred villaine, vnnaturall detested brutish villaine, worſe then brutiſh, go ſir ſeek him, I apprehend him, abhominable villaine where is he?

*Baſt.* I doe not well know my Lord, if it ſhall pleaſe you to ſuſpend your indignation againſt my brother, til you can deriue from him better testimony of this intent: you ſhould run a certaine courſe, where if you violently proceed againſt him, miſtaking his purpoſe, it would make a great gap in your owne honour, & ſhake in peeces the heart of his obediēce, I dare pawn downe my life for him, he hath wrote this to feele my affection to your honour, and to no further pretence of danger.

*Gloſt.* Thinke you ſo?

*Baſt.* If your honour iudge it meete, I will place you where you ſhall heare vs conferre of this, and by an aurigular aſſurance haue your ſatiſfaction, and that without any further delay then this very euening.

*Gloſt.* He cannot be ſuch a monſter.

*Baſt.* Nor is not ſure.

*Gloſt.* To his father, that ſo tenderly and intirely loues him, heauen and earth! *Edmund* ſeek him out, wind mee into him, I pray you frame your buſineſſe after your own wiſedome, I would vnſtate my ſelfe to be in a due reſolution.

*Baſt.* I ſhall ſeek him ſir preſently, conuey the buſineſſe as I ſhall ſee meanes, and acquaint you withall.

*Gloſt.* Theſe late eclipses in the Sunne and Moone portend no good to vs, though the wiſedome of nature can reaſon thus and thus, yet nature finds it ſelfe ſcourg'd by the ſequent effects, loue cooles, friendſhip falſ off, brothers diuide, in Citties mutinies, in Countries diſcords, Pallaces treaſon, the bond crackt betweene ſonne and father; find out this villaine *Edmund*, it ſhal looſe thee nothing, doe it carefully, and the noble and true harted *Kent* baniſh it, his offence honeſt, ſtrange ſtrange!

*Baſt.* This is the excellent ſopp'ry of the world, that when we are ſicke in Fortune, often the ſurfeit of our owne behauiour, we make guiltie of our diſaſters, the Sunne, the Moone, and the Starres, as if we were Villaines by neceſſitie, Fooles by heauenly compulſion, Knaues, Theeues, and Trecherers by ſpirituall predomi-



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predominance, Drunkards, Lyars and Adulterers by an enforced obedience of planetary influence, and all that wee are euill in, by a diuine thrusting on, an admirable euasion of whoremaster man, to lay his gotish disposition to the charge of Starres: my Father compounded with my Mother vnder the Dragons taile, and my natiuitie was vnder *Vrsa maior*, so that it followes, I am rough and lecherous, But, I should haue beene that I am, had the maidenlest starre of the Firmament twinkled on my bastardy *Edgar*; and out hee comes like the Catastrophe of the old Comedy, mine is villanous melancholy, with a sith like them of Bedlam; O these eclipses doe portend these diuisions.

*Edgar*

*Edgar.* How now brother *Edmund*, what serious contemplation are you in?

*Bast.* I am thinking brother of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these Eclipses.

*Edg.* Doe you busie your selfe about that?

*Bast.* I promise you the effects he writ of, succeed vnhappily, as of vnnaturalnesse betweene the child and the parent, death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities, diuisions in state, menaces and maledictions against King and nobles, needles diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of Cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

*Edg.* How long haue you beene a sectary Astronomicall?

*Bast.* Come, come, when saw you my father last?

*Edg.* Why, the night gon by.

*Bast.* Spake you with him?

*Edg.* Two houres together.

*Bast.* Parted you in good tearmes? found you no displeasure in him by word or countenance?

*Edg.* None at all.

*Bast.* Bethinke your selfe wherein you may haue offended him, and at my intreatie, forbear his presence, till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure, which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischiefe, of your parson it would scarce allay.

*Edg.* Some villaine hath done me wrong.

*B.* Thats my feare brother, I aduise you to the best. goe arund, I am no honest man if there bee any good meaning towards



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wards you, I haue told you what I haue seene & heard, but faintly, nothing like the image and horror of it, pray you away :

*Edg.* Shall I heare from you anon?

*Bast.* I doe serue you in this busines :

*Exit Edgar*

A credulous Father, and a brother noble,  
Whose nature is so farre from doing harmes,  
That he suspects none, on whose foolish honesty  
My practises ride easie, I see the busines,  
Let me if not by birth, haue lands by wit,  
All with me's meete, that I can fashion fit.

*Exit.*

*Enter Gonorill and Gentleman.*

*Gon.* Did my Father strike my gentleman for chiding of his  
foole?

*Gent.* Yes Madam.

*Gon.* By day and night he wrongs me,  
Euery houre he flashes into one grosse crime or other  
That sets vs all at ods, ile not indure it,  
His Knights grow ryotous, and him selfe obrayds vs,  
On euery trifell when he returnes from hunting,  
I will not speake with him, say I am sicke,  
If you come slacke of former seruices,  
You shall doe well, the fault of it ile answer.

*Gent.* Hee's coming Madam I heare him.

*Gon.* Put on what wearie negligence you please, you and your  
fellow seruants, i'de haue it come in question, if he dislike it, let  
him to our sister, whose mind and mine I know in that are one,  
not to be ouerruld; idle old man that still would manage those  
authorities that hee hath giuen away, now by my life old fooles  
are babes again, & must be vs'd with checkes as flatteries, when  
they are seene abusd, remember what I tell you.

*Gent.* Very well Madam.

*Gon.* And let his Knights haue colder looks among you, what  
growes of it no matter. aduise your fellowes so, I would breed  
from hence occasions, and I shall, that I may speake, ile write  
straight to my sister to hould my very course, goe prepare for  
dinner.

*Exit.*

*Enter Kent.*

*Kent.* If but as well I other accents borrow, that can my speech  
defuse,



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defuse, my good intent may carry through it selfe to that full issue for which I raz'd my likenes, now banisht *Kent*, if thou canst serue where thou dost stand condemn'd, thy maister whom thou louest shall find the full of labour.

*Enter Lear.*

*Lear.* Let me not stay a iot for dinner, goe get it readie, how now, what art thou?

*Kent.* A man Sir.

*Lear.* What dost thou professe? what would'st thou with vs?

*Kent.* I doe professe to be no lesse then I seeme, to serue him truly that will put me in trust, to loue him that is honest, to conuerse with him that is wise, and sayes little, to feare iudgement, to fight when I cannot chuse, and to eate no fishe.

*Lear.* What art thou?

*Kent.* A very honest harted fellow, and as poore as the king.

*Lear.* If thou be as poore for a subiect, as he is for a King, that's poore enough, what would'st thou?

*Kent.* Seruice. *Lear.* Who would'st thou serue?

*Kent.* You. *Lear.* Do'st thou know me fellow?

*Kent.* No sir, but you haue that in your countenance, which I would faine call Maister.

*Lear.* Whats that? *Kent.* Authoritie.

*Lear.* What seruices canst doe?

*Kent.* I can keepe honest counsaile, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliuer a plaine message bluntly, that which ordinarie men are fit for, I am qualified in, and the best of me, is diligence.

*Lear.* How old art thou?

*Kent.* Not so yong to loue a woman for singing, nor so old to dote on her for any thing, I haue yeares on my backe fortie eight.

*Lear.* Follow mee, thou shalt serue mee, if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet, dinner, ho dinner, wher's my knaue, my foole, goe you and call my foole hither, you sirra, whers my daughter?

*Enter Steward.*

*Steward.* So please you,

*Lear.* What say's the fellow there, call the clat-pole backe, wher's



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whers my foole, ho I thinke the world's asleepe, how now,  
wher's that mungrel?

*Kent.* He say's my Lord, your daughter is not well.

*Lear.* Why came not the slaue backe to mee when I cal'd  
him?

*Servant.* Sir, hee answered mee in the roundest maner, hee  
would not. *Lear.* A would not?

*Servant.* My Lord, I know not what the matter is, but to my  
iudgemēt, your highnes is not ētertained with that ceremonious  
affection as you were wont, ther's a great abatement, apeer's as  
well in the generall dependants, as in the Duke himselfe also,  
and your daughter. *Lear.* Ha, say'st thou so?

*Servant.* I beseech you pardon mee my Lord, if I be mistaken,  
for my dutie cannot bee silent, when I thinke your highnesse  
wrong'd.

*Lear.* Thou but remember'st me of mine owne conception, I  
haue perceiued a most faint neglect of late, which I haue rather  
blamed as mine owne ielous curiositie, then as a very pretence &  
purport of vnkindnesse, I will looke further into't, but wher's  
this foole? I haue not seene him this two dayes.

*Servant.* Since my yong Ladies going into *France* sir, the foole  
hath much pined away.

*Lear.* No more of that, I haue noted it, goe you and tell my  
daughter, I would speake with her, goe you cal hither my foole,  
O you sir, you sir, come you hither, who am I sir?

*Steward.* My Ladies Father.

*Lear.* My Ladies father, my Lords knaue, you horeson dog,  
you slaue, you cur.

*Stew.* I am none of this my Lord, I beseech you pardon me.

*Lear.* Doe you bandie lookes with me you rascall?

*Stew.* Ile not be struck my Lord,

*Kent.* Nor tript neither, you base football player.

*Lear.* I thanke thee fellow, thou seru'st me, and ile loue thee.

*Kent.* Come sir ile teach you differences, away, away, if  
you will measure your lubbers length againe, tarry, but away,  
you haue wisdome.

*Lear.* Now friendly knaue I thanke thee, their's earnest of  
thy seruice.

*Enter Foole.*

*Foole.*



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*Foole.* Let me hire him too, heer's my coxcombe.

*Lear.* How now my pretty knave, how do'st thou?

*Foole.* Sirra, you were best take my coxcombe.

*Kent.* Why Foo'??

*Foole.* Why for taking on's part, that's out of fauour, nay and thou can'st not smile as the wind sits, thou'rt catch cold shortly, there take my coxcombe; why this fellow hath banisht two on's daughters, and done the third a blessing against his will, if thou follow him, thou must needs weare my coxcombe, how now nuncle, would I had two coxcombes, and two daughters.

*Lear.* Why my boy?

*Foole.* If I gaue them any liuing, id'e keepe my coxcombs my selfe, ther's mine, beg another of thy daughters.

*Lear.* Take heede sirra, the whip.

*Foole.* Truth is a dog that must to kenell, hee must bee whipt out, when Ladie oth'e brach may stand by the fire and stincke.

*Lear.* A pestilent gull to mee.

*Foole.* Sirra ile teach thee a speech. *Lear.* Doe.

*Foole.* Marke it vnle, haue more then thou shewest, speake lesse then thou knowest, lend lesse then thou owest, ride more then thou goest, learne more then thou trowest, set lesse then thou throwest, leaue thy drinke and thy whore, and keepe in a doore, and thou shalt haue more, then two tens to a score.

*Lear.* This is nothing foole.

*Foole.* Then like the breath of an vnfeed Lawyer, you gaue me nothing for't, can you make no vse of nothing vnle?

*Lear.* Why no boy, nothing can be made out of nothing.

*Foole.* Preeche tell him so much the rent of his land comes to, he will not beleue a foole.

*Lear.* A bitter foole.

*Foole.* Doo'st know the difference my boy, betweene a bitter foole, and a sweete foole.

*Lear.* No lad, teach mee.

*Foole.* That Lord that counsaill'd thee to giue away thy land, Come place him heere by mee, doe thou for him stand, The sweet and bitter foole will presently appeare, The one in motley here, the other found out there.

*Lear.* Do'st thou call mee foole boy?

*Foole.*



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*Foole.* All thy other Titles thou hast giuen away, that thou wast borne with.

*Kent.* This is not altogether foole my Lord.

*Foole.* No faith, Lords and great men will not let me, if I had a monopolie out, they would haue part an't, and lodes too, they will not let me haue all the foole to my selfe, they'l be snatching, giue me an egge Nuncle, and ile giue thee two crownes.

*Lear.* What two crownes shall they be?

*Foole.* Why, after I haue cut the egge in the middle and eate vp the meate, the two crownes of the egge; when thou clouest thy crowne it'h middle, and gauest away both parts, thou borest thy asse at'h backe or'e the durt, thou had'st little wit in thy bald crowne, when thou gauest thy golden one away, if I speake like my selfe in this, let him be whipt that first finds it so.

Fooles had nere lesse wit in a yeare,  
For wise men are growne foppish,  
They know not how their wits doe weare,  
Their manners are so apish.

*Lear.* When were you wont to be so full of songs sirra?

*Foole.* I haue vs'd it nuncle, euer since thou mad'st thy daughters thy mother, for when thou gauest them the rod, and put'st downe thine own breeches, then they for sudden ioy did weep, and I for sorrow sung, that such a King should play bo-peepe, and goe the fooles among; prethe Nuncle keepe a schoolemaster that can teach thy foole to lye, I would faine learne lye.

*Lear.* And you lye, weele haue you whipt.

*Foole.* I marueil what kin thou and thy daughters are, they'l haue me whipt for speaking true, thou wilt haue mee whipt for lying, and sometime I am whipt for holding my peace, I had rather be any kind of thing then a foole, and yet I would not bee thee Nuncle, thou hast pared thy wit a both sides, & left nothing in the middle, here comes one of the parings.

*Enter Gonorill.*

*Lear.* How now daughter, what makes that Frontlet on,  
Me thinks you are too much alate it'h frowne.

*Foole.* Thou wast a prettie fellow when thou had'st no need to care for her frowne, thou, thou art an O without a figure, I am better then thou art now, I am a foole, thou art nothing, yes for.

))

sooth



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footh I will hould my tongue, so your face bids mee, though you say nothing.

Mum, mum, he that keepes neither crust nor crum,  
Weatie of all, shall want some. That's a sheald pescod.

*Gon.* Not onely fir this, your all-licenc'd foole, but other of your insolent retinue do hourelly carpe and quarrell, breaking forth in ranke & (not to be indured riots,) Sir I had thought by making this well knowne vnto you, to haue found a safe redres, but now grow fearefull by what your selfe too late haue spoke and done, that you protect this course, and put on by your allowance, which if you should, the fault would not scape censure, nor the redresse, sleepe, which in the tender of a wholesome weale, might in their working doe you that offence, that else were shame, that then necessitie must call discreet proceedings.

*Foole.* For you trow nuncle, the hedge sparrow fed the Coo, kow so long, that it had it head bit off beir young, so out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

*Lear.* Are you our daughter?

*Gon.* Come sir, I would you would make vse of that good wisdom whereof I know you are fraught, and put away these dispositions, that of late transforme you from what you rightly are.

*Foole.* May not an Ass know when the cart drawes the horse, whoop *Ing* I loue thee.

*Lear.* Doth any here know mee? why this is not *Lear*, doth *Lear* walke thus? speake thus? where are his eyes, either his notion, weaknes, or his discernings are lethergie, sleeping, or waking; ha! sure tis not so, who is it that can tell me who I am? *Lear's* shadow I would learne that, for by the markes of soueraintie, knowledge, and reason, I should bee false perswaded I had daughters.

*Foole.* Which they, will make an obedient father.

*Lear.* Your name faire gentlewoman?

*Gon.* Come sir, this admiration is much of the saour of other your new pranks, I doe beseech you vnderstand my purposes aright, as you are old and reuerend, should be wise, here do you keepe a 100. Knights and Squires, men so disordred, so deboyft and bold, that this our court infected with their manners, shoves like



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like a riotous Inne, epicurisme, and lust make more like a tauerne or brothell, then a great pallace, the shame it selfe doth speake for instant remedie, be thou desired by her, that else will take the thing shee begs, a little to disquantitie your traine, and the remainder that shall still depend, to bee such men as may besort your age, that know themselues and you.

*Lear.* Darkenes, and Deuils! saddle my horses, call my traine together, degenerate bastard, ile not trouble thee, yet haue I left a daughter.

*Gon.* You strike my people, and your disordred rabble, make seruants of their betters.

*Enter Duke.*

*Lear.* We that too late repent's, O sir, are you come? is it your will that wee prepare any horses, ingratitude! thou marble har- ted fiend, more hideous when thou shewest thee in a child, then the Sea-monster, detested kite, thou list my traine, and men of choise and rarest parts, that all particulars of dutie knowe, and in the most exact regard, support the worships of their name, O most small fault, how vgly did'st thou in *Cordelia* shewe, that like an engine wrencht my frame of nature from the fixt place, drew from my heart all loue and added to the gall, O *Lear. Lear!* beat at this gate that let thy folly in, and thy deere iudgement out, goe goe, my people?

*Duke.* My Lord, I am giltles as I am ignorant.

*Lear.* It may be so my Lord, harke *Nature*, heare deere God- desse, suspend thy purpose, if thou did'st intend to make this creature fruitful into her wombe, conuey sterility, drie vp in hir the organs of increase, and from her derogate body neuer spring a babe to honour her, if shee must teeme, create her childe of spleene, that it may liue and bee a thourt disuettur'd torment to her, let it stampe wrinckles in her brow of youth, with accent teares, fret channels in her cheeks, turne all her mothers paines and benefits to laughter and contempt, that shee may feelee, that she may feelee, how sharper then a serpents tooth it is, to haue a thanklesse child, goe, goe, my people?

*Duke.* Now Gods that we adore, whereof comes this!

*Gon.* Neuer afflict your selfe to know the cause, but let his disposition haue that scope that dotage giues it.

*Lear.* What, fiftie of my followers at a clap, within a fortnight?



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*Duke.* What is the matter sir?

*Lear.* Ile tell thee, life and death! I am asham'd that thou hast power to shake my manhood thus, that these hot teares that breake from me perforce, should make the worst blasts and fogs vpon the vtender woundings of a fatherscursse, peruse euery fence about the old fond eyes, beweepe this cause againe, ile pluck you out, & you cast with the waters that you make to temper clay; yea, is it come to this? yet haue I left a daughter, whom I am sure is kind and comfortable, when shee shall heare this of thee, with her nailes shee'l flea thy woluish visage, thou shalt find that ile resume the shape, which thou dost thinke I haue cast off for euer, thou shalt I warrant thee.

*Gon.* Doe you marke that my Lord?

*Duke.* I cannot bee so partiall *Gonorill* to the great loue I beare you,

*Gon.* Come sir no more, you, more knaue then foole, after your master?

*Foole.* Nunckle *Lear*, Nunckle *Lear*, tary and take the foole with a fox when one has caught her, and such a daughter should sure to the slaughter, if my cap would buy a halter, so the foole followes after.

*Gon.* What *Oswald*, ho. *Oswald.* Here Madam,

*Gon.* What haue you writ this letter to my sister?

*Osw.* Yes Madam.

*Gon.* Take you some company, and away to horse, informe her full of my particular feares, and thereto add such reasons of your owne, as may compact it more, get you gon, and after your returne now my Lord, this mildie gentlenes and course of yours though I dislike not, yet vnder pardon y' are much more alapt want of wisedome, then praise for harmfull mildnes.

*Duke.* How farre your eyes may pearce I cannot tell, striuing to better ought, we marre whats well.

*Gon.* Nay then. *Duke.* Well, well, the euent,

*Exeunt*

*Enter Lear.*

*Lear.* Get you before to *Gloster* with these letters, acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you know, then comes from her demand out of the letter, if your diligence be not speedie, I shall be there before you.

*Kent.*



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*Kent.* I will not sleepe my Lord, till I haue deliuered your letter. *Exit*

*Foole.* If a mans braines where in his heeles, wert not in danger of kibes? *Lear.* I boy.

*Foole.* Then I prethe be mery, thy wit shal nere goe slipshod.

*Lear.* Ha ha ha.

*Foole.* Shalt see thy other daughter will vse thee kindly, for though shees as like this, as a crab is like an apple, yet I con, what I can tel.

*Lear.* Why what canst thou tell my boy?

*Foole.* Sheel tast as like this, as a crab doth to a crab, thou canst not tell why ones nose stande in the middle of his face?

*Lear.* No.

*Foole.* Why, to keep his eyes on either side's nose, that what a man cannot smell out, a may spie into.

*Lear.* I did her wrong.

*Foole.* Canst tell how an Oyster makes his shell. *Lear.* No.

*Foole.* Nor I neither, but I can tell why a snayle has a house.

*Lear.* Why?

*Foole.* Why, to put his head in, not to giue it away to his daughter, and leaue his hornes without a case.

*Lear.* I will forget my nature, so kind a father; be my horses readie?

*Foole.* Thy Asses are gone about them, the reason why the seuen starres are no more then seuen, is a prettie reason.

*Lear.* Because they are not eight.

*Foole.* Yes thou wouldst make a good foole.

*Lear.* To tak't againe perforce, Monster, ingratitude!

*Foole.* If thou wert my foole Nunckle, id'e haue thee beatē for being old before thy time.

*Lear.* Hows that?

*Foole.* Thou shouldst not haue beene old, before thou hadst beene wise.

*Lear.* O let me not be mad sweet heauen! I would not be mad, keepe me in temper, I would not be mad; are the horses readie?

*Servant.* Readie my Lord. *Lear.* Come boy. *Exit.*

*Foole.* Shee that is maide now, and laughs at my departure, Shall not be a maide long, except things be cut shorter. *Exit*



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*Enter Bast. and Curan meeting.*

*Bast.* Saue thee *Curan.*

*Curan.* And you Sir, I haue beene with your father, and giuen him notice, that the Duke of *Cornwall* and his Dutches will bee here with him to night.

*Bast.* How comes that?

*Curan.* Nay, I know not, you haue heard of the newes abroad, I meane the whisped ones, for there are yet but care-bussing arguments.

*Bast.* Not, I pray you what are they?

*Curan.* Haue you heard of no likely warres towards, twixt the two Dukes of *Cornwall* and *Albany*?

*Bast.* Not a word.

*Curan.* You may then in time, fare you well sir.

*Bast.* The Duke be here to night! the better best, this weaues  
*Edg'ar* it selfe perforce into my busines, my father hath set gard to take my brother, and I haue one thing of a queisie question, which must aske breefnes and fortune helpe; brother, a word, disceind brother I say, my father watches, O flie this place, intelligence is giuen where you are hid, you haue now the good aduantage of the night, haue you not spoken gainst the Duke of *Cornwall* ought, hee's coming hether now in the night, it h'ast, and *Regan* with him, haue you nothing said vpon his partie against the Duke of *Albany*, aduise your--

*Edg.* I am sure on't not a word.

*Bast.* I heare my father coming, pardon me in crauing, I must draw my sword vpon you, seeme to defend your selfe, now quit you well, yeeld, come before my father, light here, here, flie brother flie, torches, torches, so farwell; some bloud drawne on mee would beget opinion of my more fierce indeuour, I haue seene drunckards doe more then this in sport, father, father, stop, stop, no helpe?

*Enter Glost.*

*Glost.* Now *Edmund* where is the villaine?

*Bast.* Here stood he in the darke his sharpe sword out, warbling of wicked charms, coniu'ring the Moone to stand's auspicious Mistris.

*Glost.* But where is he?

*Bast.* Looke sir, I bleed.

*Glost.* Where is the villaine *Edmund*?

*Bast.*



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*Bast.* Fled this way sir, when by no meanes he could---

*Gloſt.* Purſue him, go after by no meanes, what?

*Bast.* Perſwade me to the murder of your Lordſhip, but that I told him the reuenging Gods, againſt Paracides did all their thunders bend, ſpoke with how many ſould and ſtrong a bond the child was bound to the father, ſin in a ſine, ſeeing how loathly oppoſite I ſtood, to his vnnaturall purpoſe, with fell motion with his prepared ſword hee charges home my vnprovided body, lancht mine arme, but when he ſaw my beſt alarum ſpirits, bould in the quarrels, rights, rould to the encounter, or whether gaſted by the noyſe I made, but ſodainly he fled.

*Gloſt.* Let him ſlie farre, not in this land ſhall hee remaine vncaught and found. diſpatch, the noble Duke my maſter, my worthy Arch and Patron, comes to night, by his authoritie I will proclaime it, that he which finds him ſhall deſerue our thanks, bringing the murderous caytife to the ſtake, hee that conceals him, death.

*Bast.* When I diſſwaded him from his intent, and found him pight to doe it, with curſt ſpeech I threatned to diſcouer him, he replyed, thou vnpoſſeſſing Baſtard, doſt thou thinke, if I would ſtand againſt thee, could the repoſure of any truſt, vertue, or worth in thee make thy words faythfull? no. what I ſhould denie, as this I would, I, though thou didſt produce my very character, id e turne it all to thy ſuggeſtion, plot, and damned pretence, and thou muſt make a dullard of the world, if they not thought the profits of my death, were very pregnant and potentiall ſpurres to make thee ſeeke it.

*Gloſt.* Strong and faſtned villaine, would he denie his letter, I neuer got him, harken the Dukes trumpets, I know not why he comes, all Ports ile barre, the villaine ſhall not ſcape, the Duke muſt grant mee that, beſides, his picture I will ſend farre and neere, that all the kingdome may haue note of him, and of my land loyall and naturall boy, ile worke the meanes to make thee capable.

*Enter the Duke of Cornwall.*

*Corn.* How now my noble friend, ſince I came hether, which I can call but now, I haue heard ſtrange newes.

*Reg.* If it be true, all vengeance comes too ſhort which can  
pursue



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pursue the offender, how dost my Lord?

*Gloft.* Madam my old heart is crackt, is crackt.

*Reg.* What, did my fathers godson seeke your life? he whom my father named your *Edgar*?

*Gloft.* I Ladie, Ladie, shame would haue it hid.

*Reg.* Was he not companion with the ryotous knights, that tends vpon my father?

*Gloft.* I know not Madam, tis too bad, too bad.

*Bast.* Yes Madam, he was.

*Reg.* No maruaile then though he were ill affected,  
Tis they haue put him on the old mans death,

To haue these--and wast of this his reuenues:

I haue this present euening from my sister,

Beene well inform'd of them, and with such cautions,

That if they come to sojourne at my house, ile not be there.

*Duke.* Nor I, assure thee *Regan*; *Edmund*, I heard that you haue shewen your father a child-like office.

*Bast.* Twas my dutie Sir.

*Gloft.* He did betray his practise, and receiued  
This hurt you see, struiuing to apprehend him.

*Duke.* Is he pursued? *Gloft.* I my good Lord.

*Duke.* If he be taken, he shall neuer more be feard of doing  
harne, make your own purpose how in my strength you please,  
for you *Edmund*, whose vertue and obedience, doth this instant  
so much commend it selfe, you shall bee ours, natures of such  
deepe trust, wee shall much need you, we first seaze on.

*Bast.* I shall serue you truly, how euer else.

*Gloft.* For him I thanke your grace.

*Duke.* You know not why we came to visit you?

*Regan.* Thus out of season, threatening darke ey'd night,  
Ocasions noble *Gloster* of some prise,

Wherein we must haue vse of your aduise,

Our Father he hath writ, so hath our sister,

Of defences, which I best thought it fit,

To answer from our hand, the seuerall messengers

From hence attend dispatch, our good old friend,

Lay comforts to your bosome, & bestow your needfull counsell

To our busines, which craues the instant vse.

(*Exeunt.*

*Gloft.*



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*Gloſt.* I ſerue you Madam, your Graces are right welcome.

*Enter Kent, and Steward.*

*Steward.* Good euen to thee friend, art of the houſe?

*Kent.* I. *Stew.* Where may we ſet our horſes?

*Kent.* It h mire. *Stew.* Prethee if thou loue me, tell me.

*Kent.* I loue thee not. *Stew.* Why then I care not for thee.

*Kent.* If I had thee in Lipſburie pinfold, I would make thee care for mee.

*Stew.* Why doſt thou uſe me thus? I know thee not.

*Kent.* Fellow I know thee.

*Stew.* What doſt thou know me for?

*Kent.* A knaue, a rascall, an eater of broken meates, a baſe, proud, ſhallow, beggerly, three ſhewted hundred pound, filthy worſted-ſtocken knaue, a lilly lyuer'd action taking knaue, a whorſon glaſſegazing ſuperfinicall rogue, one truncke inheriting ſlaue, one that would ſt bee a baud in way of good ſeruiſe, and art nothing but the compoſition of a knaue, begger, coward, pander, and the ſonne and heire of a mungrell bitch, whom I will beat into clamorous whyning, if thou denie the leaſt ſyllable of the addition.

*Stew.* What a monſtrous fellow art thou, thus to raile on one, that's neither knowne of thee, nor knowes thee.

*Kent.* What a brazen fac't varlet art thou, to deny thou knoweſt mee, is it two dayes agoe ſince I beat thee, and tript vp thy heeles before the King? draw you rogue, for though it be night the Moone ſhines, ile make a ſop of the moone-ſhine a' you, draw you whorſon cully only barber-munger, draw?

*Stew.* Away, I haue nothing to doe with thee.

*Kent.* Draw you rascall, you bring letters againſt the King, and take Vanitie the puppets part, againſt the royaltie of her father, draw you rogue or ile ſo carbonado your ſhankes, draw you rascall, come your wayes.

*Stew.* Helpe, ho, murther, helpe.

*Kent.* Strike you ſlaue, ſtand rogue, ſtand you neate ſlaue, ſtroke?

*Stew.* Helpe, ho, murther, helpe.

*Enter Edmund with his rapier drawne, Gloſter the Duke and Dutcheſſe.*

*Edm.* How now, whats the matter?

E

*Kent,*



*The Historie of King Lear.*

*Kent.* With you Goodman boy, and you please come, ile  
steale you, come on yong maister.

*Gloſt.* Weapons, armes, whats the matter here?

*Duke.* Keepe peace vpon your liues, hee dies that strikes a-  
gaine, what's the matter?

*Reg.* The messengers from our sister, and the King.

*Duke.* Whats your difference, speake?

*Stew.* I am scarce in breath my Lord.

*Kent.* No maruaile you haue so bestir'd your valour, you  
cowardly rascall, nature disclaimes in thee, a Tayler made thee.

*Duke.* Thou art a strange fellow, a Taylor make a man.

*Kent.* I, a Tayler sir; a Stone-cutter, or a Painter could not  
haue made him so ill, though hee had beene but two houres at  
the trade.

*Gloſt.* Speake yet, how grew your quarrell?

*Stew.* This ancient ruffen sir, whose life I haue spar'd at sute  
of his gray-beard.

*Kent.* Thou whorson Zedde, thou vnneccessarie letter, my  
Lord if you'l giue mee leaue, I will tread this vnbound villaine  
into morter, and daube the walles of a iakes with him, spare  
my gray beard you wagtail.

*Duke.* Peace sir, you beastly Knaue you haue no reuerence,

*Kent.* Yes sir, but anger has a priuiledge.

*Duke.* Why art thou angry?

*Kent.* That such a slaue as this should weare a sword,  
That weares no honesty, such smiling roges as these,  
Like Rats oft bite those cordes in twaine,  
Which are to intrench, to inloose smoothe euery passion  
That in the natures of their Lords rebell,  
Bring oyle to stir, snow to their colder-moods,  
Reneag, affirme, and turne their halcion beakes  
With euery gale and varie of their maisters, (epeliptick  
Knowing nought like dayes but following, a plague vpon your  
Visage, smoyle you my speeches, as I were a foole?  
Goose and I had you vpon Sarum plaine,  
Id'e send you cackling home to Camuler.,

*Duke.* What art thou mad old fellow?

*Gloſt.* How fell you out, say that?

*Kent.*



*The Historie of King Lear.*

*Kent.* No contraries hold more, antipathy,  
Then I and such a knaue.

*Duke.* Why dost thou call him knaue; what's his offence.

*Kent.* His countenance likes me not.

*Duke.* No more perchance does mine, or his, or hers.

*Kent.* Sir tis my occupation to be plaine,  
I haue seene better faces in my time  
That stands on any shoulder that I see  
Before me at this instant.

*Duke.* This is a fellow who hauing beene prayd  
For bluntnes doth affect a sawcy ruffines,  
And constraines the garb quite from his nature,  
He cannot flatter he, he must be plaine,  
He must speake truth, and they will tak't so,  
If not he's plaine, these kind of knaues I know  
Which in this plainnes harbour more craft,  
And more corrupter ends, then twentie silly ducking  
Observants, that stretch their duties nisely.

*Kent.* Sir in good sooth, or in sincere veritie,  
Vnder the allowance of your graund aspect.  
Whose influence like the wreath of radiant fire  
In flitkering *Phœbus* front.

*Duke.* What mean'st thou by this?

*Kent.* To goe out of my dialogue which you discommend so  
much, I know sir, I am no flatterer, he that beguild you in a plain  
accent, was a plaine knaue, which for my part I will not bee,  
though I should win your displeasure, to intreat mee too't.

*Duke.* What's the offence you gaue him?

*Stew.* I neuer gaue him any, it pleas'd the King his maister  
Very late to strike at me vpon his misconstruction,  
When he coniunct and flattering his displeasure  
Tript me behind, being downe, insulted, rayld,  
And put vpon him such a deale of man, that,  
That worthied him, got prayses of the King,  
For him attempting who was selfe subdued,  
And in the flechuent of this dread exploit,  
Drew on me here againe.

*Kent.* None of these roges & cowards but *Alax* is their foole.

*Ex*

*Duke.*



*The Historie of King Lear.*

*Duke.* Bring forth the stockes ho?  
You stubburne miscreant knaue, you reuerent bragart,  
Weele teach you.

*Kent.* I am too old to learne, call not your stockes for me,  
I serue the King, on whose imployments I was sent to you,  
You shuld doe small respect, shew too bold malice  
Against the Grace and person of my maister,  
Stopping his messenger.

*Duke.* Fetch forth the stockes? as I haue life and honour,  
There shall he sit till noone.

*Reg.* Till noone, till night my Lord, and all night too.

*Kent.* Why Madam, if I were your fathers dogge, you could  
not vse me so.

*Reg.* Sir being his knaue, I will.

*Duke.* This is a fellow of the selfe same nature,  
Our sister speake of, come bring away the stockes?

*Glo.* Let me beseech your Grace not to doe so,  
His fault is much, and the good King his maister  
Will check him for't, your purpost low correction  
Is such, as basest and temnest wretches for pilferings  
And most common trespasses are punisht with,  
The King must take it ill, that hee's so slightly valued  
In his messenger, should haue him thus restrained.

*Duke.* Ile answer that.

*Reg.* My sister may receiue it much more worse,  
To haue her Gentlemen abus'd, assaulted  
For following her affaires, put in his legges,  
Come my good Lord away?

*Glo.* I am sory for thee friend, tis the Dukes pleasure,  
Whose disposition all the world well knowes  
Will not be rubd nor stoppt, ile intreat for thee.

*Kent.* Pray you doe not sir, I haue watcht and trauaild  
Sometime I shal sleepe out, the rest ile whistle, (hard,  
A good mans fortune may grow out at heeles,  
Gue you good morrow.

*Glo.* The Dukes to blame in this, twill be ill tooke.

*Kent.* Good King that must approue the comon saw,  
Thou out of heauens benediction comest

To



*The Historie of King Lear.*

To the warme Sunne.

Approach thou beacon to this vnder gloabe,  
That by thy comfortable beames I may  
Peruse this letter, nothing almost sees my wracke  
But miserie. I know tis from *Cordelia*,  
VWho hath most fortunately bin informed  
Of my obscured course, and shall find time  
From this enormous state, seeking to giue  
Loses their remedies, all wearie and ouerwatch  
Take vantage heauie eyes not to behold  
This shamefull lodging, Fortune goodnight,  
Smile, once more turne thy wheele.

*sleepes.*

*Enter Edgar.*

*Edg.* I heare my selfe proclaim'd,  
And by the happie hollow of a tree  
Escapt the hunt, no Port is free, no place  
That guard, and most vnusuall vigilance  
Dost not attend my taking while I may scape,  
I will preserue my selfe, and am bethought  
To take the basest and most poorest shape,  
That euer penury in contempt of man,  
Brought neare to beast, my face ile grime with filth,  
Blanket my loynes, else all my haire with knots,  
And with presented nakednes outface,  
The wind, and persecution of the skie,  
The Countrie giues me prooffe and president  
Of Bedlam beggers, who with roring voyces,  
Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare armes,  
Pins, wodden prickes, nayles, sprigs of rosemary,  
And with this horrible obiekt from low seruice,  
Poore pelting villages, sheep-coates, and milles,  
Sometime with lunaticke bans, sometime with prayers  
Enforce their charitie, poore *Turlygod*, poore *Tom*,  
That's something yet, *Edgar* I nothing am.

*Exit*

*Enter King.*

*Lear.* Tis strange that they should so depart from  
And not send backe my messenger. (hence,

*Knight.* As I learn'd, the night before there was



*The Historie of King Lear.*

No purpose of his remoue.

*Kent.* Hayle to thee noble maister.

*Lear.* How, mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?

*Foole.* Ha ha, looke he weares crewell garters,  
Horses are tide by the heeles, dogges and beares  
Byt h necke, munkies bit h loynes, and men  
Byt h legges, when a mans ouer lusty at legs,  
Then he weares wooden neatherstockes.

*Lear.* Whats he, that hath so much thy place mistooke to set thee here?

*Kent.* It is both he and shee, your sonne & daughter.

*Lear.* No. *Kent.* Yes.

*Lear.* No I say, *Kent.* I say yea.

*Lear.* No no, they would not. *Kent.* Yes they haue.

*Lear.* By *Iupiter* I sweare no, they durst not do't,  
They would not, could not do't, tis worse then murder,  
To doe vpon respect such violent outrage,  
Resolue me with all inodest hast, which way  
Thou may'st deserue, or they purpose this vsage,  
Coming from vs.

*Kent.* My Lord, when at their home  
I did commend your highnes letters to them,  
Ere I was risen from the place that shewed  
My dutie kneeling, came there a reeking Post,  
Stewd in his hast, halfe breathles, panting forth  
From *Gonerill* his mistresse salutations,  
Deliuered letters spite of intermission,  
Which presently they read, on whose contents  
They summond vp their men, straight tooke horse,  
Commanded me to follow, and attend the leasure  
Of their answer, gaue me cold lookes,  
And meeting here the other messenger,  
Whose welcome I perceau'd had poyson'd mine,  
Being the very fellow that of late  
Display'd so sawcily against your Highnes,  
Hauing more man then wit about me drew,  
He raised the house with loud and coward cries,  
Your sonne and daughter found this trespas worth

This



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This shame which here it suffers.

*Lear.* O how this mother swels vp toward my hart,  
*Historica passio* downe thou climbing sorrow,  
Thy element's below, where is this daughter?

*Kent.* With the Earle sir within,

*Lear.* Follow me not, stay there?

*Knight.* Made you no more offere then what you speake of?

*Kent.* No, how chance the King comes with so small a traine?

*Foole.* And thou hadst beene set in the stockes for that questi-  
on, thou hadst well deserued it.

*Kent.* Why foole?

*Foole.* Weele set thee to schoole to an Ant, to teach thee ther's  
no labouring in the winter, all that follow their noses, are led by  
their eyes, but blind men, and ther's not a nose among a 100. but  
can smell him thats stincking, let goe thy hold when a great  
wheele runs downe a hill, leaſt it breake thy necke with follow-  
ing it, but the great one that goes vp the hill, let him draw thee  
after, when a wise man giues thee better counsell, giue mee mine  
again, I would haue none but knaues follow it, since a foole  
giues it.

That Sir that serues for gaine,

And followes but for forme:

Will packe when it begin to raine,

And leaue thee in the storme.

But I will tarie, the foole will stay,

And let the wise man flie:

The knaue turnes foole that runs away,

The foole no knaue perdy.

*Kent.* Where learnt you this foole?

*Foole.* Not in the stockes.

*Enter Lear and Gloster.*

*Lear.* Denie to speake with mee, th'are sicke, th'are  
They traueled hard to night, meare Iustice, (weary,  
I the Images of reuolt and flying off,  
Fetch mee a better answere.

*Gloſt.* My deere Lord, you know the fierie qualitie of the  
Duke, how vnremoueable and fixt he is in his owne Course.

*Lear.* Vengeance, death, plague, confusion, what fierie quality,  
Why



*The Historie of King Lear.*

why *Gloster, Gloster*, id'e speake with the Duke of *Cornewall*, and his wife.

*Gloster*. I my good Lord.

*Lear*. The King would speake with *Cornewall*, the deare father  
Would with his daughter sp eake, commands her seruice,  
Fierie Duke, tell the hot Duke that *Lear*,  
No but not yet may be he is not well,  
Infirmitie doth still neglect all office, where to our health  
Is boūd, we are not our selues, when nature being oprest  
Cōmand the mind to suffer with the bodie ile forbear,  
And am fallen out with my more hedier will,  
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit, for the sound man,  
Death on my state, wherfore should he sit here?  
This act periwades me, that this remotion of the Duke,  
Is practise, only giue me my seruant forth, (& her  
Tell the Duke and's wife, Ile speake with them  
Now presently, bid them come forth and heare me,  
Or at their chamber doore ile beat the drum,  
Till it cry sleepe to death.

*Gloster*. I would haue all well betwixt you.

*Lear*. O my heart, my heart.

*Foote*. Cry to it Nunckle, as the Cokney did to the celes, when  
she put vnit h p a st aliue, she rapt vmath coxcombs with a stick,  
and cryed downe wantons downe, twas her brother, that in pure  
kindnes to his horse buttered his hay.

*Enter Duke and Regan.*

*Lear*. Good morrow to you both.

*Duke*. Hayle to your Grace.

*Reg*. I am glad to see your highnes.

*Lear*. *Regan* I thinke you are, I know what reason  
I haue to thinke so, if thou shouldst not be glad,  
I would diuorse me from thy mothers tombe  
Sepulchring an aduultresse. yea are you free?  
Some other time for that. Beloued *Regan*,  
Thy siller is naught, oh *Regan* she hath tyed,  
Shaa pe tooth d vnkindnes, like a vulture hcare,  
I can scarce speake to thee, thou not belecue,  
Of how deprived a qualitie, O *Regan*.

*Reg.*



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*Reg.* I pray sir take patience, I haue hope  
You lesse know how to value her desert,  
Then she to slacke her dutie.

*Lear.* My curses on her.

*Reg.* O Sir you are old, (fine,  
Nature on you standes on the very verge of her con-  
You should be rul'd and led by some discretion,  
That discernes your state better thē you your selfe,  
Therefore I pray that to our sister, you do make returne,  
Say you haue wrong'd her Sir?

*Lear.* Aske her forgiuenes,  
Doe you marke how this becomes the house,  
Deare daughter, I confesse that I am old,  
Age is vnnessefull, on my knees I beg,  
That you'l vouchsafe me rayment, bed and food.

*Reg.* Good sir no more, these are vnlightly tricks,  
Returne you to my sister.

*Lear.* No *Regan*,  
She hath abated me of halfe my traine,  
Lookt blacke vpon me, strooke mee with her tongue  
Most Serpent-like vpon the very heart, (top,  
All the stor'd vengeance of heauen fall on her ingratul  
Strike her yong bones, you taking ayrs with lamenes.

*Duke.* Fie fie sir.

You nimble lightnings dart your blinding flames,  
Into her scornfull eyes, infect her beautie,  
You Fen suckt fogs, drawne by the powrefull Sunne,  
To fall and blast her pride.

*Reg.* O the blest Gods, so will you wish on me,  
When the rash mood--

*Lear.* No *Regan*, thou shalt neuer haue my curse,  
The tender hested nature shall not giue thee ore (burne  
To harshnes, her eies are fierce, but thine do cōfort & not  
Tis not in thee to grudge my pleasures, to cut off my  
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes, (traine,  
And in conclusion, to oppose the bolt  
Against my coming in, thou better knowest,  
The offices of nature, bond of child-hood,



*The Historie of King Lear.*

Effects of curtesie, dues of gratitude,  
Thy halfe of the kingdome, hast thou not forgot  
Wherein I thee indow'd.

*Reg.* Good sir too th purpose.

*Lear.* Who put my man i'th stockes?

*Duke.* What trumpets that? *Enter Steward.*

*Reg.* I know t my sisters, this approues her letters,  
That she would soone be here, is your Lady come?

*Lear.* This is a slaue, whose easie borrowed pride  
Dwels in the fickle grace of her a followes,  
Out varlet, from my sight.

*Duke.* What meanes your Grace? *Enter Gon.*

*Gon.* Who struck my seruant, *Regan* I haue good hope  
Thou didst not know ant.

*Lear.* Who comes here? O heauens!  
If you doe loue old men, if you sweet sway a'low  
Obedience, if your selues are old, make it your cause,  
Send downe and take my part,  
Art not asham'd to looke vpon this beard?  
O *Regan* wilt thou take her by the hand?

*Gon.* Why not by the hand sir, how haue I offended?  
Als not offence that indiscretion finds,  
And dotage tearmes so.

*Lear.* O sides you are too tough,  
Will you yet hold? how came my man i'th stockes?

*Duke.* I set him there sir, but his owne disorders  
Deseru'd much lesse aduancement,

*Lear.* You, did you?

*Reg.* I pray you father being weake seeme so,  
If till the expiration of your moneth,  
You will returne and soiorne with my sister,  
Dismissing halfe your traine, come then to me,  
I am now from home, and out of that prouision,  
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

*Lear.* Returne to her, and fittie men dismiss,  
No rather I abiure all roofes, and chuse  
To wage against the enemie of the Ayre,  
To be a Comrade with the Wolfe and owle,

Necessities



*The Historie of King Lear.*

Necessities sharpe pinch, retorne with her,  
Why the hot blood in *France*, that dowerles  
Tooke our yongest borne, I could as well be brought  
To knee his throne, and Squire-like pension bag,  
To keepe base life afoot, retorne with her,  
Perswade me rather to be slaue and sumter  
To this detested groome.

*Gon.* At your choise sir.

*Lear.* Now I prithe daughter do not make me mad,  
I will not trouble thee my child, farewell,  
Wee'll no more meete, no more see one another.  
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter,  
Or rather a disease that lies within my flesh,  
Which I must needs call mine, thou art a bile,  
A plague sore, an imbossed carbuncle in my  
Corrupted blood, but Ile not chide thee,  
Let shame come when it will, I doe not call it,  
I doe not bid the thunder bearer shoote,  
Nor tell tales of thee to high Iudging *Ioue*,  
Mend when thou canst, be better at thy leasure,  
I can be patient, I can stay with *Regan*,  
I and my hundred Knights.

*Reg.* Not altogether so sir, I looke not for you yet,  
Nor am prouided for your fit welcome,  
Giue eare sir to my sifter, for those  
That mingle reason with your passion,  
Must be content to thinke you are old, and so,  
But she knowes what shee does.

*Lear.* Is this well spoken now?

*Reg.* I dare auouch it sir, what fiftie followers,  
Is it not well, what should you need of more,  
Yea or so many, sith that both charge and danger  
Speakes gainst so great a number, how in a house  
Should many people vnder two commands  
Hold amytie, tis hard, almost impossible.

*Gon.* Why might not you my Lord receiue attendace  
From those that shee ca's seruants, or from mine?

*Reg.* Why not my Lord? if then they chanc't to slacke you,  
We could controwle them, if you will come to me,



*The Historie of King Lear.*

For now I spie a danger, I intreat you,  
To bring but fūe and twentie, to no more  
Will I giue place or notice.

*Lear.* I gaue you all.

*Reg.* And in good time you gaue it.

*Lear.* Made you my guardians, my depositaries,  
But kept a reseruatiō to be followed  
With such a number, what, must I come to you  
With fūe and twentie, *Regan* said you so?

*Reg.* And speak't againe my Lord, no more with me.

*Lear.* Those wicked creatures yet do seem wel fauor'd  
When others are more wicked, not being the worst  
Stands in some ranke of prayse, Ile goe with thee,  
Thy fifty yet doth double fūe and twentie,  
And thou art twice her loue.

*Gon.* Heare me my Lord,  
What need you fūe and twentie, tenne, or fūe,  
To follow in a house, where twise so many  
Haue a commaund to tend you.

*Regan.* What needes one?

*Lear.* O reason not the deed, our basest beggers,  
Are in the poorest thing superfluous,  
Allow not nature more then nature needes,  
Mans life as cheape as beasts, thou art a Lady,  
If onely to goe warme were gorgeous,  
Why nature needes not, what thou gorgeous wearest  
Which scarcely keepes thee warme, but for true need,  
You heauens giue me that patience, patience I need,  
You see me here (you Gods) a poore old fellow,  
As full of greefe as age, wretched in both,  
If it be you that stirres these daughters hearts  
Against their Father, foole me not to much,  
To beare it lamely, touch me with noble anger,  
O let not womens weapons, water drops  
Stayne my mans cheekes, no you vnnaturall hags,  
I will haue such reuenges on you both,  
That all the world shall, I will doe such things,  
What they are yet I know not, but they shalbe

The



*The Historie of King Lear.*

The terrors of the earth, you thinke ile weepe,  
No ile not weepe, I haue full cause of weeping,  
But this heart shall breake, in a 100. thousand flowes  
Or ere ile weepe, O foole I shall goe mad.

*Exeunt Lear, Leister, Kent, and Foole.*

*Duke.* Let vs withdraw, twill be a storme.

*Reg.* This house is little the old man and his people,  
Cannot be well bestowed.

*Gon.* Tis his own blame hath put himsefe from rest,  
And must needs tast his folly.

*Reg.* For his particuler, ile receiue him gladly,  
But not one follower.

*Duke.* So am I puspos'd, where is my Lord of *Gloster*?

*Reg.* Followed the old man forth, he is return'd.

*Glo.* The King is in high rage, & wil I know not whe-

*Re.* Tis good to giue him way, he leads himsefe. (ther.

*Gon.* My Lord, intreat him by no meanes to stay.

*Glo.* Alack the night comes on, and the bleak winds  
Do sorely ruffel, for many miles about ther's not a bush.

*Reg.* O sir, to wilfull men

The iniuries that they themselues procure,  
Must be their schoolemasters, shut vp your doores,

He is attended with a desperate traine,

And what they may incense him to, being apt,

To haue his eare abusd, wisdome bids feare.

*Duke.* Shut vp your doores my Lord, tis a wild night,  
My *Reg* counsaile well, come out at h storme. *Exeunt*

*Enter Kent and a Gentleman at severall doores.*

*Kent.* Whats here beside foule weather?

*Gent.* One minded like the weather most vnquietly.

*Kent.* I know you, whers the King?

*Gent.* Contending with the fretfull element,  
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,  
Or swell the curled waters boue the maine (haire,  
That things might change or cease, teares his white  
Which the impetuous blasts with eyles rage  
Catch in their furie, and make nothing of,  
Striues in his little world of man to outscorne,

*Enter Glo*



*The Historie of King Lear.*

The too and fro conflicting wind and raine,  
This night wherein the cub-drawne Beare would couch,  
The Lyon, and the belly pinched Wolfe  
Keepe their furre dry, vnbonneted he runnes,  
And bids what will take all.

*Kent.* But who is with him?

*Gent.* None but the foole, who labours to out-iest  
His heart strooke iniuries.

*Kent.* Sir I doe know you,  
And dare vpon the warrant of my Arte,  
Commend a deare thing to you, there is diuision,  
Although as yet the face of it be couer'd,  
With mutuall cunning, twixt *Albany* and *Cornwall*  
But true it is, from *France* there comes a power  
Into this scattered kingdome, who alreadie wise in our  
Haue secret feet in some of our best Ports, (negligēce,  
And are at point to shew their open banner.  
Now to you, if on my credit you dare build so farre,  
To make your speed to Douer, you shall find  
Some that will thanke you, making iust report  
Of how vnnaturall and bemadding sorrow  
The King hath cause to plaine,  
I am a Gentleman of blood and breeding,  
And from some knowledge and assurance,  
Offer this office to you.

*Gent.* I will talke farther with you.

*Kent.* No doe not,  
For confirmation that I much more  
Then my outwall, open this purse and take  
VVhat it containes, if you shalt see *Cordelia*,  
As feare not but you shall, shew her this ring,  
And she will tell you who your fellow is,  
That yet you doe not know, fie on this storme,  
I will goe seeke the King.

*Gent.* Giue me your hand, haue you no more to say?

*Kent.* Few words but to effect more then all yet:  
That when we haue found the King,  
Ile this way, you that, he that first lights

*Enter*



*The Historie of King Lear.*

On him, hollow the other.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Lear and Foole.*

*Lear.* Blow wind & cracke your cheekes, rage, blow  
You caterickes, & Hircanios spout til you haue drencht,  
The steeples drown'd the cockes, you sulphurous and  
Thought executing fires, vaunt-currers to  
Oke-cleauing thunderboulds, singe my white head,  
And thou all shaking thunder, smite flat  
The thicke Rotunditie of the world, cracke natures  
Mold, all Germaines spill at once that make  
Ingratefull man.

*Foole.* O Nuncle, Court holly water in a drie house  
Is better then this raine water out a doore,  
Good Nuncle in, and aske thy daughters blessing,  
Heers a night pities nether wise man nor foole.

*Lear.* Rumble thy belly full, spit fire, spout raine,  
Nor raine, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters,  
I taske not you you elements with vnkindnes,  
I neuer gaue you kingdome, cald you children,  
You owe me no subscription, why then let fall your horrible  
Here I stand your slaue, a poore infirme weak & (pleasure  
Despis'd ould man, but yet I call you seruile  
Ministers, that haue with 2. pernicious daughters ioin'd  
Your high engēdred battel gainst a head so old & white  
As this, O tis foule.

*Foole.* Hee that has a house to put his head in, has a good  
headpeece, the Codpeece that will house before the head, has  
any the head and hee shall lowse, so beggers many many, the  
man that makes his toe, what hee his heart should make, shall  
haue a corne cry woe, and turne his sleepe to wake, for  
there was neuer yet faire woman hut hee made mouthes in a  
glasle.

*Lear.* No I will be the patterne of all patience *Enter Kent.*  
I will say nothing.

*Kent.* Whose there?

*Foole.* Marry heers Grace, & a codpis, that's a wiseman and  
a foole.

*Kent.* Alas sir, sit you here?

Things



*The Historie of King Lear.*

Things that loue night, loue not such nights as these,  
The wrathfull Skies gallow, the very wanderer of the  
Darke, and makes them keepe their caues,  
Since I was man, such sheets of fire,  
Such builts of horred thunder, such grones of  
Roaring winde, and rayne, I ne're remember  
To haue heard, mans nature cannot cary  
The affliction, nor the force.

*Lear.* Let the great Gods that keepe this dreadful  
Powther ore our heades, find out their enemies now,  
Tremble thou wretch that hast within thee  
Vndrulg'd crimes, vnwhipt of Iustice,  
Hide thee thou bloody hand, thou perjur'd, and  
Thou simular man of vertue that art incestious,  
Caytife in peeces shake, that vnder couert  
And conuenient seeming, hast practised on mans life  
Close pent vp guilts, riue your concealed centers,  
And cry these dreadfull summoners grace,  
I am a man more find against their sinning.

*Kent.* Alacke bare headed, gracious my Lord, hard by here is  
a houell, some friendship will it lend you gainst the tempest, re-  
pose you there, whilst I to this hard house, more hard then is  
the stone whereof tis rais'd, which euen but now demanding  
after me, denide me to come in, returne and force their scanted  
curtesie.

*Lear.* My wit begins to turne,  
Come on my boy, how dost my boy, art cold?  
I am cold my selfe, where is this straw my fellow,  
The art of our necessities is strange that can,  
Make vild things precious, come you houell poore,  
Foole and knaue, I haue one part of my heart,  
That sorrowes yet for thee.

*Foole.* Hee that has a little tine witte, with hey ho the wind  
and the raine, must make content with his fortunes fit, for the  
raine, it raineth euery day.

*Lear.* Prue my good boy, come bring vs to this houell?

*Enter Gloster and the Bastard with lights.*

*Gloster.* Alacke alacke *Edmund* I like not this,

Vnnaturall



*The Historie of King Lear.*

Vnnaturall dealing when I desir'd their leaue  
That I might pittie him, they tooke me from me  
The vse of mine owne house, charg'd me on paine  
Of their displeasure, neither to speake of him,  
Intreat for him, nor any way sustaine him.

*Bast.* Most sauage and vnnaturall. (the Dukes,

*Gloſt.* Go to say you nothing, ther's a diuision betwixt  
And a worse matter then that, I haue receiued  
A letter this night, tis dangerous to be spoken,  
I haue lockt the letter in my closet, these iniuries  
The King now beares, will be reuenged home  
Ther's part of a power already landed,  
We must incline to the King, I will seeke him, and  
Priuily releue him, goe you and maintaine talke  
With the Duke, that my charity be not of him  
Perceiued, if hee aske for me, I am ill, and gon  
To bed, though I die for't, as no lesse is threatned me,  
The King my old master must be releued, there is  
Some strange thing toward, *Edmund* pray you be careful.

*Exit.*

*Bast.* This curtesie forbid thee, shal the Duke instaly  
And of that letter to, this seems a faire deseruing (know  
And must draw me that which my father looses, no lesse  
Then all, then yonger rises when the old doe fall. *Exit.*

*Enter Lear, Kent, and foole.*

*Kent.* Here is the place my Lord, good my Lord enter, the  
tyrannie of the open nights too ruffe for nature to indure.

*Lear.* Let me alone. *Kent.* Good my Lord enter.

*Lear.* Wilt breake my heart;

*Kent.* I had rather breake mine owne, good my Lord enter.

*Lear.* Thou think'st tis much, that this tempestious storme  
Inuades vs to the skin, so tis to thee,  
But where the greater malady is fixt  
The lesser is scarce felt, thoud'st shun a Beare,  
But if thy flight lay toward the roring sea,  
Thoud'st meet the beare it'h mouth, whē the mind's free  
The bodies delicate, this tempest in my mind  
Doth from my sences take all feeling else  
Saue what beates their filiall ingratitude,

G

Is



*The Historie of King Lear.*

Is it not as this mouth should teare this hand  
For lifting food to't, but I will punish sure,  
No I will weepe no more, in such a night as this!

O *Regan, Gonorill*, your old kind father (lies,  
Whose franke heart gaue you all, O that way madnes  
Let me shun that, no more of that.

*Kent.* Good my Lord enter.

*Lear.* Prethe goe in thy selfe, seeke thy one ease  
This tempest will not giue me leaue to ponder  
On things would hurt me more, but ile goe in,  
Poore naked wretches, where so ere you are  
That bide the pelting of this pittiles night,  
How shall your house-lesse heads, and vnfed sides,  
Your loopt and windowed raggednes defend you  
From seasons such as these, O I haue tane  
Too little care of this, take physicke pompe,  
Expose thy selfe to feele what wretches feele,  
That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,  
And shew the heauens more iust.

*Foole.* Come not in here Nunckle, her's a spirit, helpe me, helpe mee.

*Kent.* Giue me thy hand, whose there.

*Foole.* A spirit, he sayes, his nam's poore *Tom*.

*Kent.* What art thou that dost grumble there in the straw,  
come forth?

*Edg.* Away, the fowle fiend followes me, thorough the sharpe  
hathorne blowes the cold wind, goe to thy cold bed and warme  
thee.

*Lear.* Hast thou giuen all to thy two daughters, and art thou  
come to this?

*Edg.* Who giues any thing to poore *Tom*, whome the foule  
Fiende hath led, through fire, and through foord, and  
whirli-poole, ore bog and quagmire, that has layd kniues vn-  
der his pillow, and halters in his pue, set ratsbane by his portage,  
made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting horse ouer  
foure incht bridges, to course his owne shadow for a traytor,  
blesse thy siue wits, *Toms* a cold, blesse thee from whirle-winds,  
starre-blusting, and taking, doe poore *Tom* some charitie, whom  
the



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the foule fiend vexes, there could I haue him now, and there, and  
and there againe.

*Lear.* What, his daughters brought him to this passe,  
Couldst thou saue nothing, didst thou giue them all?

*Foole.* Nay he reserued a blanket, else we had beene all sham'd.

*Lear.* Now all the plagues that in the pendulous ayre  
Hang fated ore mens faults, fall on thy daughters.

*Kent.* He hath no daughters sir.

*Lear.* Death traytor, nothing could haue subdued nature  
To such a lownes, but his vnkind daughters,  
Is it the fashion that discarded fathers,  
Should haue thus little mercy on their flesh,  
Iudicious punishment twas this flesh  
Begot those Pelicane daughters:

*Edg.* Pilicock fate on pelicocks hill, a lo lo lo.

*Foole.* This cold night will turne vs all to fooles & madmen.

*Edg.* Take heede at h foule fiend, obey thy parents, keep thy  
words iustly, sweare not, commit not with mans sworne spouse,  
set not thy sweet heart on proud array, *Tom's* a cold,

*Lear.* What hast thou beene?

*Edg.* A Seruingman, proud in heart and mind, that curld my  
haire, wore gloues in my cap, serued the lust of my mistris heart,  
and did the act of darkenes with her, swore as many oaths as I  
spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heauen, one  
that slept in the contriuing of lust, and wakt to doe it, wine lo-  
ued I deeply, dice deerely, and in woman out paromord the  
Turke, false of heart, light of eare, bloudie of hand, Hog in sloth,  
Fox in stealth, VVoolfe in greedines,, Dog in madnes, Lyon  
in pray, let not the creeking of shooes, nor the rustings of silkes  
betray thy poore heart to women keepe thy foote out of bro-  
thell, thy hand out of placket, thy pen from lenders booke,  
and defie the foule fiend, still through the hathorne blowes the  
cold wind, hay no on ny, Dolphin my boy, my boy, caese  
let him trot by.

*Lear.* Why thou wert better in thy graue, then to answere  
with thy vncovered bodie this extremitie of the skies, is man no  
more, but this cōsider him well, thou owest the worme no silke,  
the beast no hide, the sheepe no wooll, the cat no perfume, her's  
three ons are so phisicated, thou art the thing it selfe, vnaccom-



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odated man, is no more but such a poore bare forked Animall  
as thou art, off off you lendings, come on

*Foole.* Prithe Nunckle be content, this is a naughty night to  
swim in, now a little fire in a wild field, were like an old leachers  
heart, a small sparke, all the rest in bodie cold, looke here comes  
a walking fire.

*Enter Gloster.*

*Edg.* This is the foule fiend *fisherdegibek*, hee begins at cur-  
pew, and walks till the first cocke, he gives the web, & the pin,  
squemes the eye, and makes the hare lip, mildewes the white  
wheate, and hurts the poore creature of earth, swithald footed  
thrice the old, he met the night mare and her nine fold bid her, O  
light and her troth plight and arint thee, witch arint thee.

*Kent.* How fares your Grace?

*Lear.* Whats hee?

*Kent.* Whose there, what i'st you seeke?

*Gloster.* What are you there? your names?

*Edg.* Poore *Tom*, that eats the swimming frog, the tode, the  
tod pole, the wall-newt, and the water, that in the furie of his  
heart, when the foule fiend rages, eats cow-dung for fallers, swal-  
lowes the old ratt, and the ditch dogge, drinks the greene man-  
tle of the standing poole, who is whipt from tithing to tithing,  
and stock-punisht and imprisoned, who hath had threee suites to  
his backe, fixe shirts to his bodie, horse to ride, and weapon  
to weare.

But mise and rats, and such small Deere,

Hath beene *Toms* foode for seuen long yeare.

Beware my follower, peace snulbug, peace thou fiend.

*Gloster.* What hath your Grace no better company?

*Edg.* The Prince of darkenes is a Gentleman, *modo* he's caled  
and ma hu---

*Gloster.* Our flesh and bloud is growne so vild my Lord, that it  
doth hate what gets it.

*Edg.* Poore *Toms* a cold.

*Gloster.* Go in with me, my dutie canot suffer to obay in all your  
daughters hard commaunds, though their iniunction be to barre  
my doores, and let this tyranous night take hold vpon you, yet  
haue I venter'd to come seeke you out, and bring you where  
both food and fire is readie.

*Lear.*



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*Lear.* First let me talke with this Philosopher,  
What is the cause of thunders?

*Kent.* My good Lord take his offer, goe into the house.

*Lear.* Ile talke a word with this most learned Theban, what is  
your studie?

*Edg.* How to preuent the fiend, and to kill vermine.

*Lear.* Let me aske you one word in priuate.

*Kent.* Importune him to goe my Lord, his wits begin

*Gloft.* Canst thou blame him, (to vassette,  
His daughters seeke his death, O that good *Kent*,  
He said it would be thus, poore banisht man,  
Thou sayest the King growes mad, ile tell thee friend  
I am almost mad my selfe, I had a sonne  
Now out-lawed from my bloud, a sought my life  
But lately, very late, I lou'd him friend  
No father his sonne deerer, true to tell thee,  
The greefe hath craz'd my wits,  
What a nights this? I doe beseech your Grace.

*Lear.* O crie you mercie noble Philosopher, your com-

*Edg.* Toms a cold. (pany.

*Gloft.* In fellow there, in't houell keepe thee warme.

*Lear.* Come lets in all.

*Kent.* This way my Lord.

*Lear.* With him I wil keep stil, with my Philosopher.

*Kent.* Good my Lord sooth him, let him take the fellow.

*Gloft.* Take him you on.

*Kent.* Sirah come on, goe along with vs?

*Lear.* Come good Athenian.

*Gloft.* No words, no words, hush.

*Edg.* Child *Rowland*, to the darke towne come,  
His word was still fy fo and fum,  
I sinell the bloud of a British man.

*Enter Cornewell and Bastard.*

*Corn.* I will haue my reuenge ere I depart the house.

*Bast.* How my Lord I may be censured, that nature thus giues  
way to loyaltie, some thing feares me to thinke of.

*Corn.* I now perceiue it was not altogether your brothers e-  
uill disposition made him seeke his death, but a prouoking merit,



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set a worke by a reprocable badnes in himselfe.

*Bast.* How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to bee iust? this is the letter he spoke of, which approues him an intelligent partie to the aduantages of *France*, O heauens that his treason were, or not I the detector.

*Corn.* Goe with me to the Dutches.

*Bast.* If the matter of this paper be certaine, you haue mighty busines in hand,

*Corn.* True or false, it hath made thee Earle of *Gloster*, seeke out where thy father is, that hee may bee readie for our apprehension,

*Bast.* If I find him comforting the King, it will stuffe his suspicion more fully, I will perseuere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore betweene that and my blood.

*Corn.* I will lay trust vpon thee, and thou shalt find a dearer father in my loue. *Exit.*

*Enter Gloster and Lear, Kent, Foole, and Tom.*

*Gloster.* Here is better then the open ayre, take it thankfully, I will peece out the comfort with what addition I can, I will not be long from you.

*Kent.* All the power of his wits haue giuen way to impatience, the Gods deserue your kindnes.

*Edg.* *Fraterello* calls me, and tels me *Nero* is an angler in the lake of darknes, pray innocent beware the foule fiend.

*Foole.* Prith the Nunckle tell me, whether a mad man be a Gentleman or a Yeoman.

*Lear.* A King a King, to haue a thousand with red burning spits come hissing in vpon them.

*Edg.* The foule fiend bites my backe,

*Foole.* He's mad, that trusts in the tamenes of a Wolfe, a horses health, a boyes loue, or a whores oath.

*Lear.* It shalbe done, I wil arraigne them straight,  
Come sit thou here most learned Iustice  
Thou sapient sir sit here, no you thee Foxes--

*Edg.* Looke where he stands and glars, wantst thou eyes, at tral madam come ore the broome *Bessy* to mee.

*Foole.* Her boat hath a leake, and she must not speake,  
Why she dares not come, ouer to thee.

*Edg.*



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*Edg.* The foule fiend haunts poore *Tom* in the voyce of a night-Hoppedance cries in *Toms* belly for two white herring, (tingale, Croke not blacke Angell, I haue no foode for thee,

*Kent.* How doe you sir? stand you not so amazd, will you lie downe and rest vpon the cushings?

*Lear.* He see their small first, bring in their euidence, thou robbed man of Iustice take thy place, & thou his yokefellow of equity, bench by his side, you are oth commission, sit you too.

*Ed.* Let vs deale iustly sleepest or wakest thou iolly shepheard, Thy sheepe bee in the corne, and for one blast of thy minikin mouth, thy sheepe shall take no harme, Put the cat is gray.

*Lear.* Arraigne her first tis *Gonoril*, I here take my oath before this honorable assembly kickt the poore king her father.

*Foole.* Come hither mistrisse is your name *Gonoril*.

*Lear.* She cannot deny it.

*Fool.* Cry you mercy I tooke you for a ioyne stoole.

*Lear.* And heres another whose warpt lookes proclaime,  
What store her hart is made an, stop her there,  
Armes, armes, sword fire, corruption in the place,  
False Iusticer why hast thou let her scape.

*Edg.* Blesse thy fine wits.

*Kent.* O pity sir, where is the patience now,  
That you so oft haue boasted to retaine.

*Edg.* My teares begin to take his part so much,  
Theile maiere my counterfeiting.

*Lear.* The little dogs and all

Trey, Blanch, and Sweet hart, see they barke at me.

*Edg.* *Tom* will throw his head at them, auant you curs,  
Be thy mouth, or blacke, or white, tooth that poysons if it bite,  
Mastile, gray hound, mungrel, grim-hound or spaniel, brach or him,  
Bobtaile tike, or trūdletaile, *Tom* will make them weep & waile,  
For with throwing thus my head, dogs leape the hatch and all  
are fled, loudla doodla come march to wakes, and faires, and  
market townes, poore *Tom* thy horne is dry. (her

*Lear.* Then let them anotomize *Regan*, see what breeds about  
Hart is there any cause in nature that makes this hardnes,  
You sir, I entertaine you for one of my hundred,  
Only I do not like the fashion of your garments youle say,

They



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They are Persian attire, but let them be chang'd.

*Kent.* Now good my Lord lie here awhile.

*Lear.* Make no noise, make no noise, draw the curtains, so, so, so,  
Weele go to supper it h morning, so, so, so, *Enter Gloster.*

*Gloft.* Come hither friend, where is the King my maister.

*Kent.* Here sir, but trouble him not his wits are gon.

*Gloft.* Good friend I prithy take him in thy armes,  
I haue or'e heard a plot of death vpon him,  
Ther is a Litter ready lay him in't, & driue towards Douer frend,  
Where thou shalt meet both welcome & protection, take vp thy  
If thou shouldst dally halfe an houre, his life with thine (maister,  
And all that offer to defend him stand in assured<sup>d</sup>osse,  
Take vp the King and followe me, that will to some prouision  
Giue thee quicke conduct.

*Kent.* Oppressed nature sleepes,  
This rest might yet haue balmed thy broken sinewes,  
Which if conuenience will not allow stand in hard cure,  
Come helpe to beare thy maister, thou must not stay behind.

*Gloft.* Come, come away. *Exit.*

*Edg.* When we our betters see bearing our woes: we scarcely  
thinke, our miseries, our foes.

Who alone suffers suffers, most it h mind,  
Leauing free things and happy shewes behind,  
But then the mind much sufferance doth or'e scip,  
When griefe hath mates, and bearing fellowship:  
How light and portable my paine seemes now,  
When that which makes me bend, makes the King bow.  
He childed as I fathered, *Tom* away,  
Marke the high noyses and thy selfe bewray,  
When false opinion whose wrong thoughts defile thee,  
In thy iust prooffe repeals and reconciles thee,  
What will hap more to night, safe scape the King,  
Lurke, lurke.

*Enter Cornwall, and Regan, and Gonorill, and Bastard.* (letter

*Corn.* Post speedily to my Lord your husband shew him this  
The army of France is landed, seeke out the vilaine *Gloster.*

*Regan.* Hang him instantly.

*Gon.* Plucke out his eyes,

*Corn.*



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*Corn.* Leauē him to my displeasure, *Edmund* keep you our sister  
(company.

The reuenge we are bound to take vpon your trayterous father,  
Are not fit for your beholding, aduise the Duke where you are  
To a most festuant preparatiō we are bound to the like, (going  
Our post shall be swift and intelligence betwixt vs,  
Farewell deere sister, farewell my Lord of *Gloster*,  
How now whers the King? *Enter Steward.*

*Stew.* My Lord of *Gloster* hath conueyd him hience,  
Some fiue or sixe and thirtie of his Knights hot questrits after  
him, met him at gate, who with some other of the Lords dependen-  
dants are gone with him towards *Douer*, where they boast to  
haue well armed friends.

*Corn.* Get horses for your mistris.

*Gon.* Farewell sweet Lord and sister. *Exit Gon. and Bast.*

*Corn.* *Edmund* farewell. goe seeke the traytor *Gloster*.

Pinion him like a theefe, bring him before vs,  
Though we may not passe vpon his life  
Without the forme of Iustice, yet our power  
Shall doe a curtesie to our wrath, which men may blame  
But not controule, whose there, the traytor?

*Enter Gloster brought in by two or three,*

*Reg.* Ingratfull Fox tis hee.

*Corn.* Bind fast his corkie armes.

*Gloft.* What meanes your Graces, good my friends consider,  
You are my gests, doe me no foule play friends.

*Corn.* Bind him I say,

*Reg.* Hard hard, O filthie traytor!

*Gloft.* Vnmercifull Lady as you are, I am true.

*Corn.* To this chaire bind him, villaine thou shalt find--

*Gloft.* By the kind Gods tis most ignobly done, to pluck me  
by the beard. *Reg.* So white and such a Traytor.

*Gloft.* Naughty Ladie, these haire which thou dost ravish from  
Will quicken and accuse thee, I am your host. (my chin  
With robbers hands, my hospitable fauours  
You should not ruffell thus, what will you doe.

*Corn.* Come sir, what letters had you late from *France*?

*Reg.* Be simple answerer, for we know the truth.

H

*Corn.*



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*Corn.* And what confederacy haue you with the traitours late  
footed in the kingdome?

*Reg.* To whose hands you haue sent the lunaticke King speake?

*Gloſt.* I haue a letter geſſingly ſet downe  
Which came from one, that's of a neutrall heart,  
And not from one oppos'd.

*Corn.* Cunning. *Reg.* And false.

*Corn.* Where haſt thou ſent the King? *Gloſt.* To Douer.

*Reg.* Wherefore to Douer? waſt thou not charg'd at perill---

*Corn.* Wherefore to Douer? let him firſt anſwere that.

*Gloſt.* I am tide tot'h ſtake, and I muſt ſtand the courſe.

*Reg.* Wherefore to Douer ſir?

*Gloſt.* Becauſe I would not ſee thy cruell nayles  
Pluck out his poore old eyes, nor thy fierce ſiſter  
In his aurynted fleſh raſh borish phangs,  
The Sea with ſuch a ſtorme of his lou'd head  
In hell blacke night indur'd, would haue layd vp  
And quencht the ſteeled fires, yet poore old heart,  
Hee holpt the heauens to rage,  
If wolues had at thy gate heard that dearne time  
Thou ſhouldeſt haue ſaid, good Porter turne the key,  
All cruels elſe ſubſcrib'd but I ſhall ſee  
The winged vengeance ouertake ſuch children.

*Corn.* Seet ſhalt thou neuer, fellowes hold the chaire,  
Vpon thoſe eyes of thine. Ile ſet my foote.

*Gloſt.* He that will thinke to liue till he be old  
Giue me ſome helpe, O cruell, O ye Gods!

*Reg.* One ſide will mocke another, tother to.

*Corn.* If you ſee vengeance---

*Servant.* Hold your hand my Lord  
I haue ſeru'd euer ſince I was a child (you hold.  
But better ſeruice haue I neuer done you, the now to bid

*Reg.* How now you dogge.

*Serv.* If you did weare a beard vpon your chin id'e ſhake it  
on this quarrell, what doe you meane?

*Corn.* My villaine.

*draw and fight.*

*Serv.* Why then come on, and take the chance of anger.

*Reg.* Giue me thy ſword, a peſant ſtand vp thus.

*Shce*



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*Shes takes a sword and runs at him behind.*

*Servant.* Oh I am slain my Lord, yet haue you one eye left to see some mischiefe on him; oh!

*Corn.* Least it see more preuent it, out vild Ielly Where is thy luster now?

*Gloſt.* All darke and comfortles, wher's my sonne *Edmund*? *Edmund* vnbridle all the sparks of nature, to quit this horred act.

*Reg.* Out villaine, thou calst on him that hates thee, it was he that made the ouerture of thy treasons to vs, who is too good to pittie thee.

*Gloſt.* O my follies, then *Edgar* was abus'd, Kind Gods forgiue me that, and prosper him.

*Reg.* Goe thrust him out at gates, and let him smell his way to Douer, how ist my Lord? how looke you?

*Corn.* I haue receiu'd a hurt follow me Ladie, Turne out that eyles villaine, throw this slaue vpon The dungell *Regan*, I bleed apace, vntimely Comes this hurt, giue me your arme.

*Exit.*

*Servant.* Ile neuer care what wickednes I doe, If this man come to good.

*2 Seruant.* If she liue long, & in the end meet the old course of death, women will all turne monsters.

*1 Ser.* Lets follow the old Earle, and get the bedlome To lead him where he would, his rogiſh madnes Allows it selfe to any thing.

*2 Ser.* Goe thou, ile fetch some flaxe and whites of egges to apply to his bleeding face, now heauen helpe him.

*Exit.*

*Enter Edgar.*

*Edg.* Yet better thus, and knowne to be contemnd, Then still contemn'd and flattered to be worst, The lowest and most deiected thing of Fortune Stands still in experience, liues not in feare, The lamentable change is from the best, The worst returnes to laughter, Who's here, my father poorlie, leed, world, world, O world! But that thy strange mutations make vs hate thee, Life would not yeeld to age.

*Enter Gloſt. led by an old man.*

*Old man.* O my good Lord, I haue beene your tenant, & your

fathers



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fathers tenant this forescore---

*Gloſt.* Away, get thee away, good friend be gon,  
Thy comforts can doe me no good at all,  
Thee they may hurt.

*Old man.* Alack ſir, you cannot ſee your way.

*Gloſt.* I haue no way, and therefore want no eyes,  
I ſtumbled when I ſaw, full oft tis ſcene  
Our meanes ſecure vs, and our meare defects  
Proue our comodities, ah deere ſonne *Edgar*,  
The food of thy abuſed fathers wrath,  
Might I but liue to ſee thee in my tuch,  
I ſay I had eyes againe.

*Old man.* How now whoſe there?

*Edg.* O Gods, who iſt can ſay I am at the worſt,  
I am worſe then ere I was.

*Old man.* Tis poore mad *Tom*.

*Edg.* And worſe I may be yet, the worſt is not,  
As long as we can ſay, this is the worſt.

*Old man.* Fellow where goeſt?

*Gloſt.* Is it a begger man?

*Old man.* Mad man, and begger to.

*Gloſt.* A has ſome reaſon, elſe he could not beg,  
In the laſt nights ſtorme I ſuch a fellow ſaw,  
Which made me thinke a man a worine, my ſonne  
Came then into my mind, and yet my mind (ſince,  
Was then ſcarce friendes with him, I haue heard more  
As flies are toth' wanton boyes, are we toth' Gods,  
They bitt vs for their ſport.

*Edg.* How ſhould this be, bad is the trade that muſt play the  
foole to ſorrow angring it ſelfe and others, bleſſe thee maſter.

*Gloſt.* Is that the naked fellow?

*Old man.* I my Lord.

*Gloſt.* Then prethee get thee gon, if for my ſake  
Thou wilt oreake vs here a mile or twaine  
Ith way toward Douer, doe it for ancient loue  
And bring ſome couering for this naked ſoule  
Who Ile intreate to leade me,

*Old man.* Alack ſir he is mad.

*Gloſt.*



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*Gloſt.* Tis the times plague, when madmen lead the  
Doe as I bid thee, or rather doe thy pleasure, (blind,  
About the rest, be gon.

*Old man.* Ile bring him the best parrell that I haue  
Come on't what will.

*Gloſt.* Sirrah naked fellow.

*Edg.* Poore *Toms* a cold, I cannot dance it farther.

*Gloſt.* Come hither fellow.

*Edg.* Blesse thy sweete eyes, they bleed.

*Gloſt.* Knowst thou the way to Douer?

*Edg.* Both stile and gate, horse way, and foot-path,  
Poore *Tom* hath beene scard out of his good wits,

Blesse the good man from the foule fiend,

Fiue fiends haue beene in poore *Tom* at once,

Of lust, as *Obidicut*, *Hobbididence* Prince of dumbnes,

*Mahn* of stealing, *Mado* of murder, *Stiberdiggabit* of

Mobing, & *Mobing* who since posselles chambermaids

And waiting women, so, blesse thee maister (plagues.

*Gloſt.* Here take this purse, thou whome the heauens  
Haue humbled to all strokes, that I am wretched, makes  
The happier, heauens deale so still, (thee

Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man

That stands your ordinance, that will not see

Because he does not feele, feele your power quickly,

So distribution should vnder excelsse,

And each man haue enough, dost thou know Douer?

*Edg.* I master.

*Gloſt.* There is a cliffe whose high & bending head  
Lookes firmly in the confined deepe,

Bring me but to the very brimme of it

And ile repaire the misery thou dost beare

With something rich about me,

From that place I shal no leading need.

*Edg.* Giue me thy arme poore *Tom* shall lead thee.

*Enter Gonorill and Bastard.*

*Gon.* Welcome my Lord I maruaile our mild husband

Not met vs on the way, now wher's your maister?

*Enter Steward.*



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*Stew.* Madame within, but neuer man so chang'd, I told him of the army that was landed, he smild at it, I told him you were coming, his answer was the worse, of *Glossers* treacherie, and of the loyall seruice of his sonne when I enform'd him, then hee cald me sott, and told me I had turnd the wrong side out, what hee should most desire seemes pleasant to him, what like offensive.

*Gon.* Then shall you goe no further,  
It is the cowish curre of his spirit  
That dares not vndertake, hee not feele wrongs  
Which tie him to an answer, our wishes on the way  
May proue effects, backe *Edgar* to my brother,  
Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers  
I must change armes at home, and giue the distaffe  
Into my husbands hands, this trusty seruant  
Shall passe betweene vs, ere long you are like to heare  
If you dare venture in your owne behalfe  
A mistresses coward, weare this spare speech,  
Decline your head: this kisse if it durst speake  
Would stretch thy spirits vp into the ayre,  
Conceale and far you well.

*Bast.* Yours in the ranks of death. (are dew

*Gon.* My most deere *Giosster*, to thee womans seruices  
My foote vsurps my body.

*Stew.* Madam, here comes my Lord. *Exit Stew.*

*Gon.* I haue beene worth the whistle. (rude wind

*Alb.* O *Gonoris*, you are not worth the dust which the  
Blowes in your face, I feare your disposition  
That nature which contemnes it origin  
Cannot be bordered certaine in it selfe,  
She that her selfe will liuer and disbranch  
From her materiall sap, perforce must wither,  
And come to deadly vsce.

*Gon.* No more, the text is foolish.

*Alb.* Wisedome and goodnes, to the vild seeme vild,  
Filthys fauor but themselves, what haue you done?  
Tigers, not daughters, what haue you perform'd?  
A father, and a gracious aged man

Whose



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Whose reuerence euen the head-lugd beare would lick.

Most barbarous, most degenerate haue you madded,

Could my good brother suffer you to doe it?

A man, a Prince, by him so beniflicted,

If that the heauens doe not their visible spirits (come

Send quickly downe to tame the vild offences, it will

Humanly must perforce pray on it selfe like monsters of

*Gon.* Milke liuerd man (the deepe.

That bearest a cheeke for blocs, a head for wrongs,

Who hast not in thy browes an eye deseruing thine honour,

From thy suffering, that not know'st fools, do those vilains pittie

Who are punisht ere they haue done their mischiefe,

Wher's thy drum? *France* spreads his banners in our noy stles land,

With plumed helme, thy slayer begin threats

Whil's thou a morall foole sits still and cries

Alack why does he so?

*Alb.* See thy selfe deuill, proper deformity seemes not in the fiend, so horid as in woman.

*Gon.* O vaine foole!

*Alb.* Thou changed, and selfe-couerd thing for shame

Be-monster not thy feature, wer't my finnes

To let these hands obay my bloud,

They are apt enough to dislecate and teare

Thy flesh and bones, how ere thou art a fiend,

A womans shape doth shield thee.

*Gon.* Marry your manhood now--

*Alb.* What newes.

*Enter a Gentleman.*

*Gent.* O my good Lord the Duke of *Cornwals* dead, slaine by his seruant, going to put out the other eye of *Gloster*.

*Alb.* *Gloster's* eyes?

*Gon.* A seruant that he bred, thrald with remorse, Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword To his great maister, who thereat inraged Flew on him, and amongst them, feld him dead, But not without that harmefull stroke, which since Hath pluckt him after.

*Alb.* This shewes you are aboute your Iustices, That these our nether crimes so speedely can venge.

But



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But O poore *Gloster* lost he his other eye.

(answer,

*Gent.* Both, both my Lord, this letter Madam craues a speedy  
Tis from your sister.

*Gon.* One way I like this well,

But being widow and my *Gloster* with her,

May all the building on my fancie plucke,

Vpon my hatefull life, another way the newes is not so tooke,

He reade and answer.

*Exit.*

*Alb.* Where was his sonne when they did take his eyes.

*Gent.* Come with my Lady hither. *Alb.* He is not here.

*Gent.* No my good Lord I met him backe againe.

*Alb.* Knowes he the wickednesse.

*Gent.* I my good Lord twas he informd against him,

And quit the house on purpose that there punishment

Might haue the freer course.

(King,

*Alb.* *Gloster* I liue to thanke thee for the loue thou shewedst the

And to reuenge thy eyes, come hither friend,

Tell me what more thou knowest.

*Exit.*

*Enter Kent and a Gentleman.*

*Kent.* Why the King of *France* is so suddenly gone backe,  
know you no reason.

*Gent.* Something he left imperfect in the state, which since his  
comming forth is thought of, which imports to the Kingdome,  
So much feare and danger that his personall returne was most re-  
quired and necessarie.

*Kent.* Who hath he left behind him, General.

*Gent.* The Marshall of *France* Monsieur *la Far.* (of grieve.

*Kent.* Did your letters pierce the queene to any demonstratiō

*Gent.* I say she tooke them, read them in my presence,

And now and then an ample teare trild downe

Her delicate cheeke, it seemed she was a queene ouer her passion,

Who most rebell-like, sought to be King ore her.

*Kent.* O then it moued her.

*Gent.* Not to a rage, patience and sorow streme,

Who should expresse her goodliest you haue seene,

Sun shine and raine at once, her smiles and teares,

Were like a better way those happie smilets,

That playd on her ripe lip seeme not to know,

What guests were in her eyes which parted thence,

As



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As pearles from diamonds dropt in brieft,  
Sorrow would be a raritie most beloued,  
If all could so become it.

*Kent.* Made she no verball question.

*Gent.* Faith once or twice she heau'd the name of father,  
Pantingly forth as if it prest her heart,  
Cried sisters, sisters, shame of Ladies sisters :  
*Kent.* father, sisters, what it storme it night,  
Let pitie not be beleest there she shooke,  
The holy water from her heauenly eyes,  
And clamour moystened her, then away she started,  
To deale with grieve alone.

*Kent.* It is the stars, the stars aboue vs gouerne our conditions,  
Else one selfe mate and make could not beget,  
Such different issues, you spoke, not with her since.

*Gent.* No. *Kent.* Was this before the King returnd.

*Gent.* No, since.

*Kent.* Well sir, the poore distressed *Lear's* ith towne,  
Who some time in his better tyme remembers,  
What we are come about, and by no meanes will yeeld to see his

*Gent.* Why good sir? (daughter.

*Kent.* A soueraigne shame so elbows him his own vnkindnes  
That stript her from his benediction turnd her,  
To forraigne casualties gaue her deare rights,  
To his dog-harted daughters, these things sting his mind,  
So venomously that burning shame detaines him from *Cordelia*.

*Gent.* Alack poore Gentleman.

*Kent.* Of *Albanies* and *Cornewals* powers you heard not.

*Gent.* Tis so they are a foote.

*Kent.* Well sir, ile bring you to our maister *Lear*,  
And leaue you to attend him some deere cause,  
Will in concealement wrap me vp awhile,  
When I am knowne aright you shall not greeue,  
Lending me this acquaintance, I pray you go along with me.

*Enter Cordelia, Doctor and others.*

*Exit.*

*Cor.* Alack tis he, why he was met euen now,  
As mad as the vent sea singing aloud,  
Crownd with ranke fenuter and furrow weedes,

I

With



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With hor-docks, hemlocke, netles, cookow flowers,  
Dainell and all the idle weedes that grow,  
In our sustayning, corne, a centurie is sent forth,  
Search euery acre in the hie growne field,  
And bring him to our eye. what can mans wisdome  
In the relloring his bereued sence, he that can helpe him  
Take all my outward worth.

*Doct.* There is meanes Madame.  
Our foster nurse of nature is repose,  
The which he lackes that to prouoke in him,  
Are many simples operative whose power,  
Will close the eye of anguish.

*Cord.* All blekt secrets all you vnpublisht vertues of the earth,  
Spring with my teares beaydant and remediāt,  
In the good mans distresse, seeke, seeke, for him,  
Lest his vngouernd rage dissolue the life.  
That wants the meanes to lead it. *Enter messenger.*

*Mes.* News Madam, the Britissh powers are marching hither.

*Cord.* Tis knowne before, our preparation stands, (ward.  
In expectation of them, ô deere father  
It is thy busines that I go about, therefore great France  
My mourning and important teares hath pitied,  
No blowne ambition doth our armes in sight  
But loue, deere loue, and our ag'd fathers right,  
Soone may I heare and see him. *Exit.*

*Enter Regan and Steward.*

*Reg.* But are my brothers powers set forth?

*Stew.* I Madam. *Reg.* Himselfe in person?

*Stew.* Madam with much ado, your sifter is the better soldier.

*Reg.* Lord Edmund spake not with your Lady at home.

*Stew.* No Madam.

*Reg.* What might import my sifers letters to him?

*Stew.* I know not Lady.

*Reg.* Faith he is posted hence on serious matter,  
It was great ignorance, *Glosters* eyes being out  
To let him liue, where he arises he moues  
All harts against vs, and now I thinke is gone  
In pitie of his misery to dispatch his nighted life,

More.



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Moreouer to discerie the strength at h army.

*Stew.* I must needs after him with my letters

*Reg.* Our troope sets forth to morrow stay with vs,  
The wayes are dangerous.

*Stew.* I may not Madame, my Lady charg'd my dutie in this  
busines.

*Reg.* Why should she write to *Edmund*? might not you  
Transport her purposes by word, belike  
Some thing, I know not what, ile loue thee much,  
Let me vnseale the letter.

*Stew.* Madam I'de rather---

*Reg.* I know your Lady does not loue her husband  
I am sure of that, and at her late being here  
Shee gaue strange aliads, and most speaking looks  
To noble *Edmund*, I know you are of her bosome.

*Stew.* I Madam.

*Reg.* I speake in vnderstanding, for I know't,  
Therefore I doe aduise you take this note,  
My Lord is dead, *Edmund* and I haue talkt,  
And more conuenient is he for my hand  
Then for your Ladies, you may gather more  
If you doe find him, pray you giue him this,  
And when your mistris heares thus much from you  
I pray desire her call her wisdom to her, so farewell,  
If you doe chance to heare of that blind traytor,  
Preferment fals on him that cuts him off.

*Stew.* Would I could meet him Madam, I would shew  
What Lady I doe follow.

*Reg.* Fare thee well,

*Exit.*

*Enter Gloster and Edmund.*

*Glost.* When shall we come toth' top of that same hill?

*Edg.* You do climbe it vpon now, looke how we labour?

*Glost.* Me thinks the ground is euen.

*Edg.* Horrible steepe, harke doe you heare the sea?

*Glost.* No truly.

*Edg.* Why then your other sences grow imperfect  
By your eyes anguish.

*Glost.* So may it be indeed,



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Me thinks thy voyce is altered, and thou speakest  
With better phrase and matter then thou didst.

*Edg.* Y'ar much deceaued, in nothing am I chang'd  
But in my garments.

*Gloſt.* Me thinks y'ar better spoken. (feareful

*Edg.* Come on sir, her's the place, stand still, how  
And dizi tis to cast ones eyes so low  
The crows and choghes that wing the midway ayre  
Shew scarce so grosse as beetles, halfe way downe  
Hangs one that gathers sampire, dreadfull trade,  
Me thinks he seemes no bigger then his head,  
The fishermen that walke vpon the beach  
Apppeare like mife, and yon tall anchoring barke  
Diminisht to her cock, her cock a boui  
Almost too small for fight, the murmuring surge  
That on the vnnumbred idle peeble chaffes  
Cannot be heard, its so hie ile looke no more,  
Least my braine turne, and the deficient sight  
Topple downe headlong.

*Gloſt.* Set me where you stand?

*Edg.* Giue me your hand, you are now within a foot  
Of th'extream verge, for all beneath the Moone  
Would I not leape vp right.

*Gloſt.* Let goe my hand,  
Here friends another purse, in it a iewell,  
Well worth a poore mans taking, Fairies and Gods  
Prosper it with thee, goe thou farther off,  
Bid me farewell, and let me heare thee going.

*Edg.* Now fare you well good sir.

*Gloſt.* VVith all my heart. (to cure it)

*Edg.* Why I do trifell thus with his dispaire is done

*Gloſt.* O you mightie Gods, *He kneeles.*  
This world I doe renounce, and in your fights  
Shake patiently my great affliction off,  
If I could beare it longer and not fall  
To quarel with your great opposles wils  
My snurff and loathed part of nature should  
Burne it selfe out, if *Edgar* liue, O bleſſe,

Now



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Now fellow fare thee well.

*He fals.*

*Edg.* Gon sir, farewell, and yet I know not how conceit my  
robbe the treasure of life, when life it selfe yealds to the theft,  
had he beene where he thought by this had thought beene past,  
aliue or dead, ho you sir, heare you sir, speak, thus might he palle  
indeed, yet he reuiues, what are you sir?

*Gloft.* Away and let me die.

*Edg.* Hadst thou beene ought but gosmore feathers ayre,  
So many fadome downe precipitating  
Thou hadst shiuerd like an egge, but thou dost breath  
Hast heauy substance, bleedst not, speakest, art sound,  
Ten masts at each, make not the altitude,  
VWhich thou hast perpendicularly fell,  
Thy lifes a miracle, speake yet againe.

*Gloft.* But haue I fallen or no I

*Edg.* From the dread sommons of, this chalkie borne,  
Looke vp a hight, the shrill gorg'd larke so farre  
Cannot bee scene or heard, doe but looke vp?

*Gloft.* Alack I haue no eyes  
Is wretchednes depriu'd, that benefit  
To end it selfe by death twas yet some comfort  
When misery could beguile the tyrants rage,  
And frustrate his proud will.

*Edg.* Giue me your arme?  
Vp, so, how feele you your legges, you stand.

*Gloft.* Too well, too well.

*Edg.* This is aboue all strangenes  
Vpon the crowne of the cliffe what thing was that  
Which parted from you.

*Gloft.* A poore vnfortunate bagger.

*Edg.* As I stood here below me thoughts his eyes  
VWere two full Moones, a had a thousand noses  
Hornes, welk't and waued like the enridged sea,  
It was some fiend, therefore thou happy father  
Thinke that the cleere Gods, who made their honours  
Of mens impossibilities, haue preserued thee.

*Gloft.* I doe remember now henceforth ile beare  
Affliction till it doe crie out it selfe



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Enough, enough and die that thing you speake of,  
I tooke it for a man, often would it say

The fiend the fiend, he led me to that place

Edg. Bare free & patient thoughts, but who comes here  
The safer sence will neare accomodate his maister thus.

*Enter Lear mad.*

Lear. No they cannot touch mee for coyning, I am the king

Edg. O thou side pearcing sight. (himselfe.)

Lear. Nature is about Art in that respect, ther's your presse  
money, that fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper, draw me  
a clothiers yard, looke, looke a mowse, peace, peace, this roasted  
cheese will do it ther's my gauntlet, ile proue it on a gyant, bring  
vp the browne-billes, O well flowne bird in the ayre, hagh, giue  
the word?

Edg. Sweet Margerum.

Lear. Passe.

Gloster. I know that voyce.

Lear. Ha *Gonorill*, ha *Regan*, they flattered mee like a dogge,  
and tould me I had white haire in my beard, ere the black ones  
were there, to say I and no, to euery thing I saide, I and no toe,  
was no good diuinitie, when the raine came to wet me once, and  
the winde to make mee chatter, when the thunder would not  
peace at my bidding, there I found them there I smelt them out,  
goe toe, they are not men of their words, they told mee I was  
euery thing, tis a lye, I am not argue-prooffe.

Gloster. The trick of that voyce I doe well remember, ist not  
the King?

Lear. I euer in a King when I do stare, see how the subiect  
quakes, I pardon that mans life, what was thy cause, adultery?  
thou shalt not die for adulterie, no the wren goes toot, and the  
smal guilded flie doe letcher in my sight, ler copulation thriue,  
for *Gloster*'s bastard son was kinder to his father then my daugh-  
ters got tweene the lawfull sheets, toot luxurie, *pell*, *mell*, for I  
lacke souldiers, behold yon simpring dame whose face between  
her forkes presageth snow, that minces vertue, and do shake the  
head heare of pleasures name to fische nor the soyled horse  
goes toot with a more riotous apperite, down fro the wast tha're  
centaures, though women all about, but to the girdle doe the  
gods inherit, beneath is all the fiends, thers hell, thers darknesse,  
ther's the sulphury pit, burning, scalding, stench, consumation,  
sic,



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fie, fie, fie, pah, pah, Giue mee an ounce of Ciuet, good Apothecarie, to sweeten my imagination, ther's money for thee.

*Gloft.* O let me kisse that hand.

*Lear.* Here wipe it first, it smells of mortalitie.

*Gloft.* O ruind peece of nature, this great world should so  
are out to naught, do you know me?

*Lear.* I remember thy eyes well inough, dost thou squiny on me, no do thy worst blind *Capid*, ile not loue, reade thou that challenge, marke the penning off.

*Gloft.* Were all the letters sunnes I could not see one.

*Edg.* I would not take this from report, it is, and my heart breakes at it. *Lear.* Read. *Gloft.* What! with the case of eyes.

*Lear.* O ho, are you there with me, no eyes in your head, nor no mony in your purse, your eyes are in a heauie case, your purse in a light, yet you see how this world goes.

*Gloft.* I see it feelingly.

*Lear.* What art mad, a man may see how the world goes with no eyes, looke with thy eares, see how yon Iustice railes vpon yon simple theefe, harke in thy eare handy, dandy, which is the theefe, which is the Iustice, thou hast scene a farmers dogge barke at a begger. *Gloft.* I sir.

*Lear.* And the creature runne from the cur, there thou mightst behold the great image of authoritie, a dogge, so bade in office, thou rascall beadle hold thy bloody hand, why dost thou lash that whore, strip thine owne backe, thy blood hotly lusts to vse her in that kind for which thou whippst her, the vsurer hangs the cosioner, through tottered raggs, smal vices do appeare, robes & furd-gownes hides all, get thee glasse eyes, and like a scuruy politician seeme to see the things thou doest not, no now pull off my bootes, harder, harder, so.

*Edg.* O matter and impertinencie mixt reason in madnesse.

*Lear.* If thou wilt weepe my fortune take my eyes, I knowe thee well inough thy name is *Gloster*, thou must be patient, we came crying hither, thou knowest the first time that we smell the aire, we wail and cry I will preach to thee marke me.

*Gloft.* Black alack the day.

*Lear.* VVhen we are borne, we crie that wee are come to this great stage of fooles, this a good blocke. It were a delicate stragem,



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tagem to shoot a troupe of horse with fell, & when I haue stole vpon these sonne in lawes, then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

*Enter three Gentlemen.*

*Gent.* O here he is, lay hands vpon him sirs, your most deere

*Lear.* No reskue, what a prisoner, I am eene the naturall foole of Fortune, vse me well you shall haue ransome, let mee haue a churgion I am cut to the braines.

*Gent.* You shall haue any thing.

*Lear.* No seconds, all my selfe, why this would make a man of salt to vse his eyes for garden waterpots, I and laying Autums dust.

*Lear.* I will die brauely like a bridegroom, what? I will be Ioniall, come, come, I am a King my maisters, know you that.

*Gent.* You are a royall one, and we obey you.

*Lear.* Then theres life int, nay and you get it you shall get it with running.

*Exit King running.*

*Gent.* A sight most pitifull in the meanest wretch, past speaking of in a king: thou hast one daughter who redeemes nature from the generall curse which twaine hath brought her to.

*Edg.* Haile gentle sir.

*Gent.* Sir speed you, whats your will.

*Edg.* Do you heare ought of a battell toward.

*Gent.* Most sure and vulgar euery one here's that That can distinguish sence.

*Edg.* But by your fauour how neers the other army.

*Gent.* Neere and on speed fort the maine descryes, Standst on the howerly thoughts.

*Edg.* I thanke you sir thats all.

*Gent.* Though that the Queene on speciall cause is here, Her army is moued on.

*Edg.* I thanke you sir.

*Exit.*

*Gloſt.* You euer gentle gods take my breath from me, Let not my worser spirit tempt me againe, To dye before you please.

*Edg.* Well, pray you father.

*Gloſt.* Now good sir what are you.

*Edg.* A most poore man made lame by Fortunes blowes, Who by the Art of knowne and feeling sorrowes Am pregnant to good pittie, giue me your hand Ile leade you to some biding.

*Gloſt.*



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*Gloſt.* Hartie thankes, the borner and beniz of heauen to ſaue thee.

*Enter Steward.*

*Stew.* A proclaimed prize, moſt happy, that eyles head of thine was framed fleſh to rayſe my fortunes, thou moſt vnhappy traytor, briefly thy ſelfe remember, the ſword is out that muſt deſtroy thee.

*Gloſt.* Now let thy friendly hand put ſtrength enough to't.

*Stew.* VVherefore bould peſant durſt thou ſupport a publiſht traytor, hence leaſt the infection of his fortune take like hold on thee, let goe his arme?

*Edg.* Chill not let goe fir without cagion.

*Stew.* Let goe ſlaue, or thou dieſt.

*Edg.* Good Gentleman goe your gate, let poore voke paſſe, and chud haue beene ſwaggar'd out of my life, it would not haue beene ſo long by a fortnight, nay come not neare the old man; keepe out, cheuore ye, or ile trie whether your coſter or my battero be the harder, ile be plaine with you.

*Stew.* Out dunghill.

*Edg.* Chill pick your teeth fir, come, no matter for your foyns.

*Stew.* Slaue thou haſt ſlaine me, villaine take my purſe,

If euer thou wilt thriue, burie my bodie,  
And giue the letters which thou find'ſt about me  
To *Edmond Earle of Gloſter*, ſeeke him out vpon  
The *Britiſh* partie, ô vntimely death! death.

*He dies.*

*Edg.* I know thee well, a ſeruiſeable villaine,  
As dutious to the vices of thy miſtres, as badnes would

*Gloſt.* What is he dead? (deſire.

*Edg.* Sit you down father, reſt you lets ſee his pockets  
Theſe letters that he ſpeakes of may be my friends,  
Hee's dead, I am only ſorrow he had no other death  
Let vs ſee, leaue gentle waxe, and manners blame vs not  
To know our enemies minds wee'd rip their hearts,  
Their papers is more lawfull.

Let your reciprocall vowes bee remembred, you haue many  
opportunities to cut him off, if your will want not, time and place  
will be fruitfully offered, there is nothing done, If he returne the  
conquerour, then am I the priſoner, and his bed my gayle, from  
the lothed warmth whereof deliuer me, and ſupply the place for

K

your



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your labour, your wife (so I would say) your affectionate seruant  
and for you her owne for *Venter, Gonorill.*

*Edg.* O Indistinguish't space of womans wit,  
A plot vpon her vertuous husbands life,  
And the exchange my brother heere in the sands,  
Thee ile rake vp, the post vnfanctified  
Of murtherous leachers, and in the mature time,  
With this vngratious paper strike the sight  
Of the death practis'd Duke, for him tis well,  
That of thy death and businesse I can tell.

*Gloſt.* The King is mad, how stiffe is my vild sence,  
That I stand vp and haue ingenious feeling  
Of my huge sorowes, better I were distract,  
So should my thoughts be fenced from my griefes,  
And woes by wrong imaginations loose  
The knowledge of themselues.

*A drum a farre off.*

*Edg.* Giue me your hand far off me thinks I heare the beaten  
Come father ile bestow you with a friend. *Exit.* (drum,

*Enter Cordelia, Kent and Doctor.* (thy goodnes,

*Cord.* O thou good *Kent* how shall I liue and worke to match  
My life will be too short and euery measure faile me.

*Kent.* To be acknowlegd madame is ore payd,  
All my reports go with the modest truth,  
Nor more, nor clipt, but so.

*Cor.* Be better suited these weeds are memories of those  
Worser howers, I priethe put them off.

*Kent.* Pardon me deere madame,  
Yet to be knowne shortens my made intent,  
My boone I make it that you know me not,  
Till time and I thinke meete.

*Cord.* Then bect so, my good Lord how does the king.

*Doct.* Madame sleepes still.

(nature,

*Cord.* O you kind Gods cure this great breach in his abused  
The vtund and hurrying sences, O wind vp  
Of this child changed father.

*Doct.* So please your Maiestie that we may wake the king,  
He hath slept long.

*Cord.* Be gouern'd by your knowledge and proceed,

*Ith*



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It is sway of your owne will is he arayd,

*Doll.* I madam, in the heauinesse of his sleepe,  
We put fresh garments on him,

*Gent.* Good madam be by, when we do awake him  
I doubt not of his temperance.

*Cord.* Very well.

*Doll.* Please you draw neere, louder the musicke there,

*Cor.* O my deer father restoratiō hang thy medicin on my lips,  
And let this kis repaire those violent harmes that my two sisters  
Haue in thy reuerence made.

*Kent.* Kind and deere Princessse,

*Cord.* Had you not bene their father these white flakes,  
Had challengd pitie of them, was this a face  
To be expold against the warring winds,  
To stand against the deepe dread bolted thunder,  
In the most terrible and nimble stroke

Of quick crosse lightning to watch poore *Perdus*,  
With this thin helme mine iniurious dogge,  
Though he had bit me, should haue stood that night  
Against my fire, and wast thou faine poore father,  
To houill thee with swine and rogues forlorne,  
In short and mustie straw, alack, alack,  
Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once  
Had not concluded all, he wakes speake to him.

*Doll.* Madam do you, tis fittest.

*Cord.* How does my royall Lord, how fares your maiestie.

*Lear.* You do me wrong to take me out ath graue,  
Thou art a soule in blisse, but I am bound  
Vpon a wheele of fire, that mine owne teares  
Do scald like molten lead.

*Cord.* Sir know me,

*Lear.* Yea a spirit I know, where did you dye.

*Cord.* Still, still, farre wide.

*Doll.* Hees scarce awake, let him alone a while.

*Lear.* Where haue I bene, where am I faire day light,  
I am mightily abusd, I should ene dye with pitie,  
To see another thus, I know not what to say,  
I will not sweare these are my hands, lets see,



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I feele this pin pricke, would I were assur'd of my condition.

*Cord.* O looke vpon me sir, and hold your hands, in benediction or e me, no sir you must not kneele.

*Lear.* Pray doe not mocke,  
I am a very foolish fond old man,  
Fourescore and vpward, and to deale plainly  
I feare I am not in my perfect mind,  
Mee thinks I should know you, and know this man;  
Yet I am doubtfull, for I am mainly ignorant  
What place this is, and all the skill I haue  
Remembers not these garments, nor I know not  
Where I did lodge last night, doe not laugh at me,  
For as I am a man, I thinke this Ladie  
To be my child *Cordelia.* *Cord.* And so I am.

*Lear.* Be your teares wet, yes faith, I pray weep not,  
If you haue poyson for mee I will drinke it,  
I know you doe not loue me, for your sisters  
Haue as I doe remember, done me wrong,  
You haue some cause, they haue not.

*Cord.* No cause, no cause. *Lear.* Am I in France?

*Kent.* In your owne kingdome sir.

*Lear.* Doe not abuse me?

*Doct.* Be comforted good Madame, the great rage you see is  
cured in him, and yet it is danger to make him euen ore the time  
hee has lost, desire him to goe in, trouble him no more till fur-  
ther settling: *Cord.* Wilt please your highnes walke?

*Lear.* You must beare with me, pray now forget and forgiue,  
I am old and foolish. *Exeunt. Manet Kent and Gent.*

*Gent.* Holds it true sir that the Duke of Cornwall was so slaine?

*Kent.* Most certaine sir.

*Gent.* Who is conductor of his people?

*Kent.* As tis said, the bastard sonne of *Gloster.*

*Gent.* They say *Edgar* his banisht sonne is with the Earle of  
*Kent* in *Germanie.*

*Kent.* Report is changeable, tis time to looke about,  
The powers of the kingdome approach apace.

*Gent.* The arbiterment is like to be bloudie, fare you well sir.

*Kent.* My poynt and period will be throughly wrought,

Or



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Or well, or ill, as this dayes battels fought.

*Exit.*

*Enter Edmund, Regan, and their powers.*

*Bast.* Know of the Duke if his last purpose hold,  
Or whether since he is advis'd by ought  
To change the course, he's full of abdication  
And selfe reproving, bring his constant pleasure.

*Reg.* Our sisters man is certainly miscaried,

*Bast.* Tis to be doubted Madam,

*Reg.* Now sweet Lord,  
You know the goodnes I intend vpon you,  
Tell me but truly, but then speak the truth,  
Doe you not loue my sister?

*Bast.* I, honor'd loue.

*Reg.* But haue you neuer found my brothers way,  
To the forfended place?

*Bast.* That thought abuses you.

*Reg.* I am doubtfull that you haue beene coniunct and bo-  
som'd with hir, as far as we call hirs.

*Bast.* No by mine honour Madam.

*(with her.)*

*Reg.* I neuer shall indure hir, deere my Lord bee not familiar

*Bast.* Feare me not, shee and the Duke her husband.

*Enter Albany and Gonorill with trouper.*

*Gono.* I had rather loose the battaile, then that sister should  
loosen him and mee.

*Alb.* Our very louing sister well be-met  
For this I heare the King is come to his daughter  
With others, whome the rigour of our state  
Forst to crie out, where I could not be honest  
I neuer yet was valiant, for this busines  
It touches vs, as *France* inuades our land  
Not bolds the King, with others whome I feare,  
Most iust and heauy causes make oppose.

*Bast.* Sir you speake nobly. *Reg.* Why is this reason'd?

*Gono.* Combine together gainst the enemy,  
For these domestique dore particulars  
Are not to question here.

*Alb.* Let vs then determine with the auntient of warre on our  
proceedings. *Bast.* I shall attend you presently at your tent.

*Reg.* Sister you'l goe with vs?

*Gon.* No.

*Reg.* Tis most conuenient, pray you goe with vs.



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*Gon.* O ho, I know the riddle, I will goe.

*Enter Edgar*

*Edg.* If ere your Grace had speech with man so poore,  
Hearc me one word.

*Exeunt.*

*Alb.* Ile ouertake you, speake.

*Edg.* Before you fight the battell ope this letter,  
If you haue victory let the trumpet sound  
For him that brought it, wretched though I seeme,  
I can produce a champion that will proue  
What is auowched there, if you miscary,  
Your busines of the world hath so an end,  
Fortune loue you,

*Alb.* Stay till I haue read the letter.

*Edg.* I was forbid it, when time shall serue let but the Herald  
cry and ile appeare againe.

*Exit.*

*Alb.* Why fare thee well, I will ore-looke the paper.

*Enter Edmund.*

*Bast.* The enemies in vew, draw vp your powers  
Hard is the queesse of their great strength and forces  
By diligent discouery, but your hast is now vrg'd on you.

*Alb.* Wee will greet the time.

*Exit.*

*Bast.* To both these sifter haue I sworne my loue,  
Each iealous of the other as the sting are of the Adder,  
Which of them shall I take, both one or neither, neither can bee  
If both remaine aliue, to take the widdow (inioy'd  
Exasperates, makes mad her sifter *Gonerill*,  
And hardly shall I cary out my sife  
Her husband being aliue, now then we'le vse  
His countenadce for the battaile, which being done  
Let her that would be rid of him deuise  
His speedie taking off, as for his mercy  
Which he entends to *Lear* and to *Cordelia*:  
The battaile done, and they within our power  
Shall neuer see his pardon, for my state  
Stands on me to defend, not to debate.

*Exit.*

*Alarm.* Enter the powers of France ouer the stage, *Cordelia* with  
her father in her hand.

*Enter Edgar and Gloster.*

*Edg.* Here father, take the shaddow of this bush  
For your good hoast, pray that the right may thriue

If



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If euer I returne to you againe ile bring you comfort. *Exit.*

*Gloſt.* Grace goe with you fir. *Alarm and retreat.*

*Edg.* Away old man, giue me thy hand, away,  
King *Lear* hath loſt, he and his daughter taine,  
Giue me thy hand, come on.

*Gloſt.* No farther fir, a man may rot euen here.

*Edg.* What in ill thoughts againe men muſt indure,  
Their going hence, euen as their coming hither,  
Ripenes is all come on.

*Enter Edmund, with Lear and Cordelia prisoners.*

*Baſt.* Some officers take them away, good guard  
Vntill their greater pleasures beſt be knowne  
That are to censure them. *(incurd*

*Cor.* We are not the firſt who with beſt meaning haue  
The worſt, for thee oppreſſed King am I caſt downe,  
My ſelfe could elſe outfrowne falſe Fortunes frowne,  
Shall we not ſee theſe daughters, and theſe ſiſters?

*Lear.* No, no, come lets away to priſon  
We two alone will ſing like birds in cage,  
When thou doſt aſke me bleſſing, ile kneele downe  
And aſke of thee forgiuenes, ſo wee le liue  
And pray, and ſing and tell old tales and laugh  
At guilded butterflies, and heare poore rogues  
Talke of Court newes, and wee le talke with them to,  
Who looſes, and who wins, whoſe in, whoſe out,  
And take vpon's the miſtery of things  
As if we were Gods ſpies, and wee le weare out  
In a wal'd priſon, packs and ſects of great ones  
That ebbe and flow bith' Moone.

*Baſt.* Take them away.

*Lear.* Vpon ſuch ſacrifices my *Cordelia*,  
The Gods theſelues throw incenſe, haue I caught thee?  
He that parts vs ſhall bring a brand from heauen,  
And fire vs hence like Foxes, wipe thine eyes,  
The good ſhall deuoure em, ſleach and fell  
Ere they ſhall make vs weepe? wele ſee vñ ſtarue firſt,

*Baſt.* Come hither Captaine, harke. *(come.*  
Take thou this note, goe follow them to priſon,

*And*



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And step, I haue aduanc't thee, if thou dost  
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way  
To noble fortunes, know thou this that men  
Are as the time is, to be tender minded  
Does not become a sword, thy great imployment  
Will not beare question, either say thou do't,  
Or thrive by other meanes.

*Cap.* Ile do't my Lord.

*Bas.* About it; and write happy when thou hast don,  
Marke I say instantly, and carie it so  
As I haue set it downe.

*Cap.* I cannot draw a cart, nor eate dride oats,  
If it bee mans worke ile do't.

*Enter Duke, the two Ladies, and others.*

*Alb.* Sir you haue shewed to day your valiant strain,  
And Fortune led you well you haue the captiues  
That were the opposites of this dayes strife,  
We doe require then of you, so to vse them,  
As we shall find their merits, and our safty  
May equally determine.

*Bas.* Sir I thought it fit,  
To saue the old and miserable King to some retention,  
Whose age has charmes in it, whose title more  
To pluck the coren blossom of his side,  
And turne our imprest launces in our eyes  
Which doe commaund them, with him I sent the queen  
My reason, all the same and they are readie to morrow,  
Or at further space, to appeare where you shall hold  
Your session at this time, mee sweat and bleed,  
The friend hath lost his friend and the best quarrels  
In the heat are curst, by those that feele their sharpes,  
The question of *Gordelia* and her father  
Requires a fitter place.

*Alb.* Sir by your patience,  
I hold you but a subiect of this warre, not as a brother.

*Reg.* That's as we list to grace him,  
Me thinkes our pleasure should haue beene demanded  
Ere you had spoke so farre, he led our powers,

Bore



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Bore the commission of my place and person,  
The which immediate may well stand vp,  
And call it selfe your brother.

*Gono.* Not so hot, in his owne grace hee doth exalt himselfe  
more then in your aduancement.

*Reg.* In my right by me inuested he com-peers the best.

*Gon.* That were the most, if hee should husband you.

*Reg.* Iesters doe oft proue Prophets.

*Gon.* Hola, hola, that eye that told you so, lookt but a squint.

*Reg.* Lady I am not well, els I should answere  
From a full flowing stomach, Generall  
Take thou my souldiers, prisoners, patrimonie,  
Witnes the world that I create thee here  
My Lord and maister.

*Gon.* Meane you to inioy him then?

*Alb.* The let alone lies not in your good will.

*Bast.* Nor in thine Lord.

*Alb.* Halfe blouDED fellow, yes.

*Bast.* Let the drum strike, and proue my title good.

*Alb.* Stay yet, heare reason, *Edmund* I arrest thee  
On capitall treason, and in thine attaine,  
This gilded Serpent, for your claime faire sister  
I bare it in the interest of my wife,  
Tis she is subcontracted to this Lord  
And I her husband contradict the banes,  
If you will mary, make your loue to me,  
My Lady is bespoke, thou art arm'd *Gloster*,  
If none appeare to proue vpon thy head,  
Thy hainous, manifest, and many treasons,  
There is my pledge, ile proue it on thy heart  
Ere I tast bread, thou art in nothing lesse  
Then I haue here proclaimed thee.

*Reg.* Sicke, ô sicke.

*Gon.* If not, ile nere trust poyson.

*Bast.* Ther's my exchange, what in the world he is,  
That names me traytor, villain-like he lies,  
Call by thy trumpet, he that dares approach,  
On him, on you, who not, I will maintaine

L

My



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My truth and honour firmly.

*Alb.* A Herald ho.      *Bast.* A Herald ho, a Herald.

*Alb.* Trust to thy single vertue, for thy souldiers  
All leuied in my name, haue in my name tooke their

*Reg.* This sicknes growes vpon me.      (discharge.

*Alb.* She is not well, conuey her to my tent,  
Come hether Herald, let the trumpet sound,  
And read out this.      *Cap.* Sound trumpet?

*Her.* If any man of qualitie or degree, in the hoast of the  
army, will maintaine vpon *Edmund* supposed Earle of *Gloster*,  
that he's a manifold traitour, let him appeare at the third sound  
of the trumpet, he is bold in his defence.

*Bast.* Sound?      Againe?

*Enter Edgar at the third sound, a trumpet before him.*

*Alb.* Aske him his purposes why he appeares  
Vpon this call oth' trumpet.

*Her.* What are you? your name and qualitie?  
And why you answere this present summons.

*Edg.* O know my name is lost by treasons tooth.  
Bare-gnawne and canker-bitte; yet are I mou't  
Where is the aduersarie I come to cope with all.

*Alb.* Which is that aduersarie?      (*Gloster*,

*Edg.* What's he that speakes for *Edmund* Earle of

*Bast.* Him selfe, what saiest thou to him?

*Edg.* Draw thy sword.

That if my speech offend a noble hart, thy arme  
May do thee Iustice, here is mine.

Behold it is the priuiledge of my tongue,  
My oath and my profession, I protest,  
Maugure thy strength, youth, place and eminence,  
Despight thy victor, sword and fire new fortun'd,  
Thy valor and thy heart thou art a traytor.  
False to thy Gods thy brother and thy Father,  
Conspicuate gainst this high illustrious prince,  
And from the xtreamest vpward of thy head,  
To the descent and dust beneath thy feet,  
A most toad-spotted traytor say thou no  
This sword, this arme, and my best spirits,

As



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As bent to proue vpon thy heart whereto I speake thou liest,

*Bast.* In wisdom I sholud aske thy name,  
But since thy outside lookes so faire and warlike,  
And that thy being some say of breeding breathes,  
By right of knighthood, I disdain and spurne  
Heere do I tesse those treasons to thy head.  
With the hell hatedly, oreturnd thy heart,  
Which for they yet glance by and scarcely bruse,  
This sword of mine shall giue them instant way  
Where they shall rest for euer, trumpets speake.

*Alb.* Saue him, saue him,

*Gon.* This is meere practise *Gloster* by the law of armes  
Thou art not bound to answere an vnknowne opposite,  
Thou art not vanquisht, but coulned and beguild,

*Alb.* Stop your mouth dame, or with this paper shall I stople  
it, thou worse then any thing, reade thine owne euill, nay no  
tearing Lady, I perceiue you know't. (me for't.

*Gon.* Say if I do, the lawes are mine not thine, who shal arraine

*Alb.* Most monstrous know'st thou this paper?

*Gon.* Aske me not what I know. *Exit. Gonorill.*

*Alb.* Go after her, shee's desperate, gouerne her.

*Bast.* What you haue chargd me with, that haue I don  
And more, much more, the time will bring it out.  
Tis past, and so am I, but what art thou  
That hast this fortune on me? if thou bee'st noble  
I do forgiue thee.

*Edg.* Let's exchange charity,  
I am no lesse in bloud then thou art *Edmond*,  
If more, the more thou hast wrongd me.  
My name is *Edgar*, and thy fathers sonne,  
The Gods are iust, and of our pleasant vertues.  
Make instruments to scourge vs the darke and vitious  
Place where thee he gotte, cost him his eies.

*Bast.* Thou hast spoken truth, the wheele is come  
full circled I am heere.

*Alb.* Me thought thy very gate did prophecie,  
A royall noblenesse I must embrace thee,  
Let sorow split my heart if I did euer hate thee or thy father.



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*Edg.* Worthy Prince I know't.

*Alb.* Where haue you hid your selfe?

How haue you knowne the miseries of your father?

*Edg.* By nursing them my Lord,  
List a brieft tale, and when tis told  
O that my heart would burst the bloudy proclamation  
To escape that followed me so neere,  
O our liues sweetnes, that with the paine of death,  
Would hourly die, rather then die at once.  
Taught me to shift into a mad-mans rags  
To assume a semblance that very dogges disdain'd  
And in this habit met I my father with his bleeding rings,  
The precious stones new lost became his guide,  
Led him, beg'd for him, sau'd him from dispaire,  
Neuer (O Father) reueald my selfe vnto him,  
Vntill some halfe houre past, when I was armed,  
Not sure, though hoping of this good successe,  
I askt his blessing, and from first to last,  
Told him my pilgrimage, but his flawd heart,  
Alacke too weake, the conflict to support,  
Twixt two extreames of passion, ioy and grieve,  
Burst smilingly.

*Bast.* This speech of yours hath moued me,  
And shall per chance do good, but speake you on,  
You looke as you had something more to say,

*Alb.* If there be more, more wofull, hold it in,  
For I am almost ready to dissolue, hearing of this,

*Edg.* This would haue seemd a periode to such  
As loue not sorow, but another to amplifie too much,  
Would make much more, and top extremitie  
Whilst I was big in clamor, came there in a man,  
Who hauing seene me in my worst estate,  
Shund my abhord society, but then finding  
Who twas that so indur'd with his strong armes  
He fastened on my necke and bellowed out,  
As hee'd burst heauen, threw me on my father,  
Told the most pitious tale of *Lear* and him,  
That euer eare receiued, which in recounting

His



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His griefe grew puissant and the strings of life,  
Began to cracke twice, then the trumpets sounded.  
And there I left him traunst.

*Alb.* But who was this.

*Ed.* *Kent* sir, the banisht *Kent*, who in disguise,  
Followed his enimie king and did him seruice  
Improper for a slaue.

*Enter one with a bloudie knife,*

*Gent.* Helpe, helpe, (knife?)

*Alb.* What kind of helpe, what meanes that bloudy

*Gent.* Its hot it smokes, it came euen from the heart of-

*Alb.* Who man, speake?

*Gent.* Your Lady sir, your Lady, and her suster  
By her is poysoned, she hath confest it.

*Bast.* I was contracted to them both, all three  
Now marie in an instant.

*Alb.* Produce their bodies, be they aliue or dead,  
This Iustice of the heauens that makes vs tremble,  
Touches vs not with pity.

*Edg.* Here comes *Kent* sir.

*Alb.* O tis he, the time will not allow *Enter Kent*  
The complement that very manners vrges.

*Kent.* I am come to bid my King and maister ay good night,  
Is he not here?

*Duke.* Great thing of vs forgot,  
Speake *Edmund*, whers the king, and whers *Cordelia*  
Seest thou this obiekt *Kent*.

*The bodies of Gonorill and  
Regan are brought in.*

*Kent.* Alack why thus.

*Bast.* Yet *Edmund* was beloued,  
The one the other poysoned for my sake,  
And after slue her selfe. *Duke.* Euen so, couer their faces.

*Bast.* I pant for life, some good I meane to do,  
Despight of my owne nature, quickly send,  
Be brieft, int toth' castle for my writ,  
Is on the life of *Lear* and on *Cordelia*,  
Nay send in time. *Duke.* Runne, runne, O runne.

*Edg.* To who my Lord, who hath the office, send  
Thy token of reprecue.

*Bast.* Well thought on, take my sword the Captaine,



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Giue it the Captaine? *Duke.* Hast thee for thy life.

*B.* He hath Commission from thy wife and me,  
To hang *Cordelia* in the prison, and to lay  
The blame vpon her owne despaire,  
That she fordid her selfe.

*Duke.* The Gods defend her, beare him hence a while.

*Enter Lear with Cordelia in his armes.*

*Lear.* Howle, howle, howle, howle, O you are men of stones,  
Had I your tongues and eyes, I would vse them so,  
That heauens vault should cracke, shees gone for euer,  
I know when one is dead, and when one liues,  
Shees dead as earth, lend me a looking glasse,  
If that her breath will mist or staine the stone,  
Why then she liues. *Kent.* Is this the promist end.

*Edg.* Or image of that horror. *Duke.* Fall and cease.

*Lear.* This feather stirs she liues, if it be so,  
It is a chance which do's redeeme all sorowes  
That euer I haue felt.

*Kent.* A my good maister.

*Lear.* Prethe away? *Edg.* Tis noble *Kent* your friend.

*Lear.* A plague vpon your murderous traytors all,  
I might haue saued her, now shees gone for euer,  
*Cordelia, Cordelia,* stay a little, ha,  
What ist thou sayest, her voyce was euer soft,  
Gentle and low, an excellent thing in women,  
I kild the slaue that was a hanging thee.

*Cap.* Tis true my Lords, he did.

*Lear.* Did I not tellow? I haue seene the day,  
With my good biting Fauchon I would  
Haue made them skippe, I am old now,  
And these same crosses spoyle me, who are you?  
Mine eyes are not othe best, ile tell you straight.

*Kent.* If Fortune bragd of two she loued or hated,  
One of them we behold.

*Lear.* Are not you *Kent*?

*Kent.* The same your seruant *Kent*, where is your seruant *Caius*,

*Lear.* Hees a good fellow, I can tell that,  
Heele strike and quickly too, hees dead and rotten.

*Kent.* No my good Lord, I am the very man,

*Lear.* Ile see that straight.

*Kent.*



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*Kent.* That from your life of difference and decay,  
Haue followed your sad steps. *Lear.* You'r welcome hither.

*Kent.* Nor no man else, als chearles, darke and deadly,  
Your eldest daughters haue foredoome themselues,  
And desperatly are dead. *Lear.* So thinke I to.

*Duke.* He knowes not what he sees, and vaine it is,  
That we present vs to him. *Edg.* Very bootlesse. *Enter*

*Capt.* *Edmund* is dead my Lord. *Captaine.*

*Duke.* Thats but a trifle heere, you Lords and noble friends,  
Know our intent, what comfort to this decay may come, shall be  
applied: for vs we wil resigne during the life of this old maiesty,  
to him our absolute power, you to your rights with boote, and  
such addition as your honor haue more then merited, all friends  
shall tast the wages of their vertue, and al foes the cup of their de-  
seruings, O see, see.

*Lear.* And my poore foole is hangd, no, no life, why should a  
dog, a horse, a rat of life and thou no breath at all, O thou wilt  
come no more, neuer, neuer, neuer, pray you vndo this button,  
thanke you sir, O, o, o, o. *Edg.* He faints my Lord, my Lord.

*Lear.* Breake hart, I prethe breake. *Edgar.* Look vp my Lord.

*Kent.* Vex not his ghost, O let him passe,  
He hates him that would vpon the wracke,  
Of this tough world stretch him out longer.

*Edg.* O he is gone indeed.

*Kent.* The wonder is, he hath endured so long,  
He but vsurpt his life.

*Duke.* Beare them from hence, our present busines  
Is to generall woe. friends of my soule, you twaine  
Rule in this kingdome, and the goard state sustaine.

*Kent.* I haue a iourney sir, shortly to go,  
My maister cals, and I must not say no.

*Duke.* The waight of this sad time we must obey,  
Speake what we feele, not what we ought to say,  
The oldest haue borne most, we that are yong,  
Shall neuer see so much, nor liue so long.

*FINIS.*